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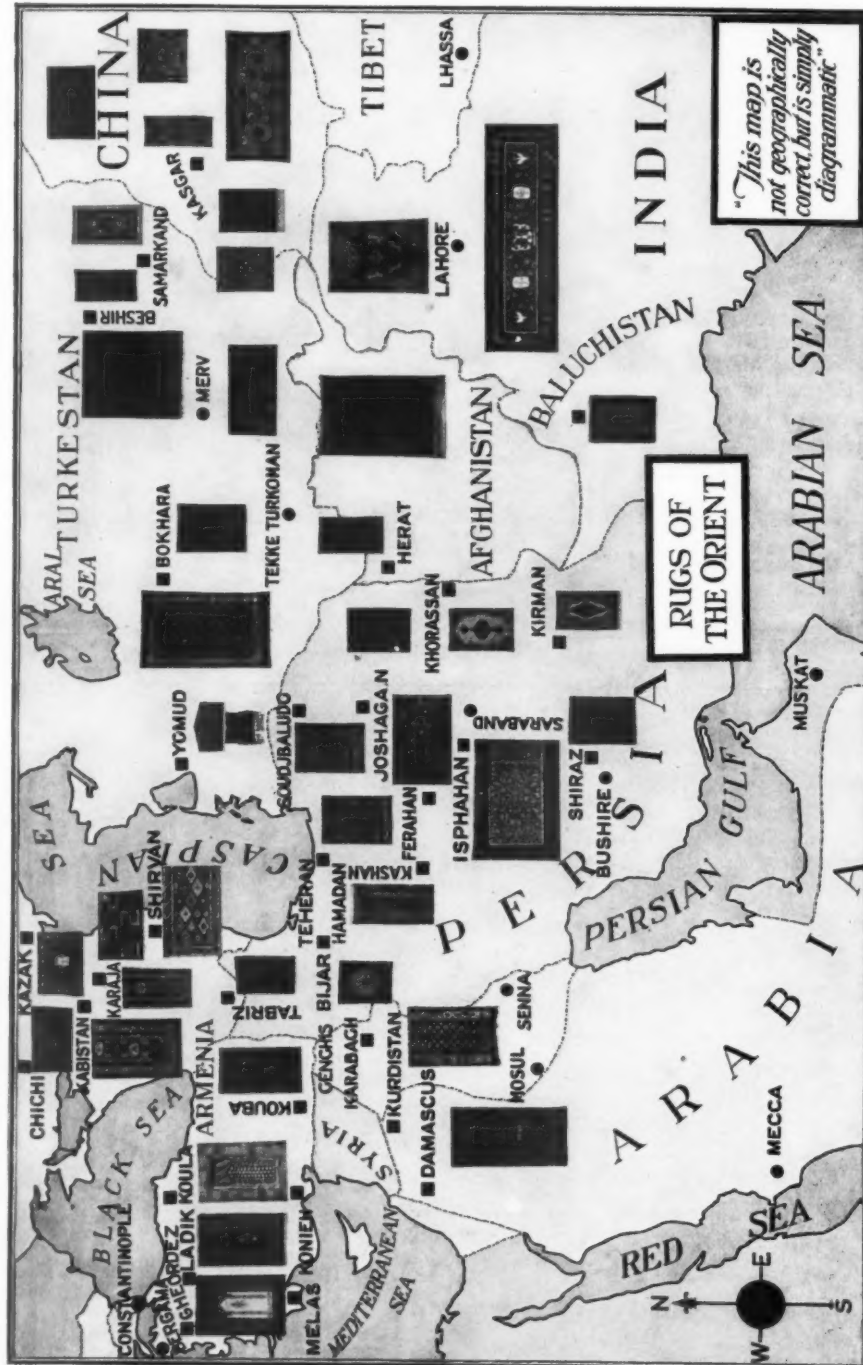
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THE IVEAGH BEQUEST

By J. B. MANSON

THE National Collections have benefited in the past by many notable gifts and bequests, but there has been nothing quite so princely as the bequest of the late Earl of Iveagh.

All the pictures in the collection were acquired, I believe, during Lord Iveagh's lifetime. He treated his collection with reticence, never allowing the pictures to be copied or photographed, so that the announcement of his bequest came as something of a surprise, and even those who knew about such things were astonished to see the list of the pictures contained in it.

The collection is mainly an English one, for of the sixty-three pictures in it, no less than forty-two are by British Masters, so that it may be said that the collection is an English one, and that it is a rare illustration of the virtues of the English school of the eighteenth century.

It contains many famous masterpieces and others, less known, which are no less superb.

If the collection is representative of the English school at the time when it was supposed to be at its best—that is the time of the eighteenth-century portrait painters—it also contains some remarkable examples of other nationalities, of the French and Flemish and Dutch schools. The Italian school can scarcely be said to be represented by the two Venetian scenes by Guardi.

But a collection which includes Rembrandt's "Portrait of Himself," painted about 1663, and that other delightful "Portrait of a Lady," with Frans Hals' no less superb "Man with a Stick," is already a remarkable one.

If the resources of the Iveagh collection had been used to illustrate a history of painting, the English school of the eighteenth century would have appeared in an especially favourable light, for there are eight by Gainsborough (who is now a name to conjure with), fifteen by Reynolds, and ten by Romney. To the Americans, avid for ancestors, it must appear a wasted opportunity.

Although it is mainly an English collection there are some famous foreign pictures. There

are two fine examples of the art of Van Dyck. This is peculiarly appropriate, as Van Dyck, through his extensive influence, may be said to be the founder of the English school of portrait painting.

That English school has become a tradition. It matters little whether or not the modern painters approve or detest them, they have taken the eye and gained the price, and therefore, especially for the latter reason, are established.

Besides works by the familiar names already mentioned, there are examples of the delightful work of Raeburn, Hoppner, Lawrence, and works in landscape by Turner, Morland, and J. B. Crome.

The painters of the French school are represented by Boucher, Pater, and Rigaud, while works of the Dutch and Flemish schools are seen in examples of Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Vermeer, Cuyp, de Jonghe, Van de Velde, Ostade, Rubens, with Snyders, Wynants, and Van de Capelle.

It is obviously impossible to reproduce all the pictures, but, fortunately, there will be an opportunity of seeing the entire collection at the Royal Academy in January 1928.

This does not pretend to be a catalogue of the collection and it seems best to take, as our subject, the pictures which we are able to reproduce.

It is appropriate that there should be two examples of the exquisite art of Van Dyck in the collection. Both of them show to perfection the elegant art of the great Master of the Flemish school. They reach a level to which he did not always attain, and they show him before painting became for him a mere convention, before he was established as the Sargent of the seventeenth century.

The portrait of Henrietta Lotharings, Princess of Phalsburg, is a superb example of his stately and dignified Court portraits. It is, curiously enough, rather an inspiration for Lawrence than for Gainsborough. It is not reproduced in this instalment.

The portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, is somewhat later, and one can note in it, in comparison with the portrait of

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Henrietta Lotharings, the change which has come over Van Dyck's art. The Flemish tradition with Van Dyck tended towards a certain flat realism. In this English portrait of the Duke of Richmond, the conception is much more atmospheric, and certainly much more enveloped. James Stuart was no stranger to Van Dyck, who had painted him on many occasions. This portrait is in some ways rather unusual. It displays all the cunning Van Dyck had at his command. It is impossible to arrive at the exact date of the portrait. It was painted between the years 1632 and 1640. That is the nearest one can get. How effective it is in lighting and conception! The artist has painted the sitter in a white shirt partly draped with a satin cloak. The picture bears some resemblance to the portrait in Paris, where the Duke is seen in a white shirt undraped. It is both elegant and aristocratic, and, at the same time, it is effective. One can see in its features and treatment the inspiration for Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Raeburn. Only Reynolds seems to have derived nothing from the Flemish Master. Perhaps Reynolds was the most English of the grand school.

There is such an ease and elegance about this portrait one feels that Van Dyck could do this sort of thing without thinking; and yet there is keen observation in it, and a freshness

remarkable in one who had painted the same subject so often.

Perhaps nowadays one underrates the machinery of the portrait painters of the Great Age; perhaps it is better so. They practised a convention which was essential to their time. Now, in this individualistic age, we insist on truth and reality to a given moment; abstraction and convention no longer completely satisfy; even Sargent is *vieux jeu*.

From Van Dyck to the English Masters of the eighteenth century is but a step. Gainsborough adored Van Dyck, and yet went at least one step beyond him.

It is difficult at the best of times to be a professional portrait painter; to be obliged to paint those who come with sufficient guineas to reward the artist's servitude.

Gainsborough, made famous by his own delightful merits, and recently revealed in an illuminating way by Mr. Percy Turner's exhibition at Ipswich, is represented in Lord Iveagh's collection by eight paintings. Eight

Gainsboroughs secured for the English nation while America is still gaping for ancestors. Gainsboroughs for Kenwood while Chicago and Des Moines are still unsatisfied.

In this collection one can see Gainsborough, the lyrical, the modest and wayward painter from East Anglia, in many moods. George IV and Pitt are necessities; one can almost hear the groans of poor Thomas as he turned from



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A STICK

By Frans Hals

The Iveagh Bequest

his music to devote his reluctant attention to such official portraits as George IV, when Prince of Wales, and William Pitt, the Right Honourable, of whom he painted so many portraits. Poor Gainsborough! But he had compensations when he turned his brush to Musidora and the Countess of Howe, and Mrs. Sheridan (the two last are in this collection), and when he vented something of his pent-up spleen in the remarkably spirited painting of "Fighting Dogs," also one of the Iveagh pictures.

From him we turn to Reynolds, who was, it appears, the most truly British of all these artists.

Can we find a precedent for Reynolds? He does not derive from Van Dyck or from anybody. It seems he was really English. He was pompous, sometimes bombastic. He alone wrote the "Discourses." He would seek to explain art without the necessity of doing so, since he was no journalist.

Here he is seen delightfully at his best, within the strict limitations of his time: eighteenth-century art, with its necessity of portraying only the most worthy aspect of its sitters; they had not to be real, only pleasant or pretty.

What twentieth-century painter would be content with the pleasant falsity which was *de rigueur* in the eighteenth century? It had its limitations and its compensations. It removed at least half the difficulties. Take

the children of John Julius Angerstein—a charming picture. Could anything be more unreal than the painting of Master John and Miss Julia? It conveys nothing of the real life and character of these children. They were dressed in their best clothes and made to pose by a tree—it had to be a tree or a red curtain!

But it reflects the superficial life of the times. It was

Angerstein's collection that formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, when it was purchased in 1824 on the suggestion of George IV, so it is fitting that his children should be bequeathed to the State. Master John, whom we see here as good as gold, was born in 1775, and afterwards became M.P. for Camelford, and later for Greenwich. His sister Julia, born two years before him, married General Nicholas de Sablonkoff, in the Russian service, who was a godson of the Empress Catharine. She may have been better or worse than Reynolds painted her; very probably she did not always appear



MASTER PHILIP YORKE

By Sir Joshua Reynolds

in white with a pink sash, nor was crimson velvet Master John's habitual wear. Anyhow, Mr. Angerstein paid £200 in June 1783 for the picture, and now I suppose it would be worth twenty thousand.

The picture was exhibited, hot from the studio, at the Royal Academy in 1783.

And "Mrs. Smith and her Niece" is one of the prettiest of Reynolds' paintings. I have

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not been able to trace its history. It may be the portrait of Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith for which some unfortunates of that name sat in April 1771, and which was paid for on October 17, 1771. But how much was paid I do not know. It might have been amusing to sit for Lord Iveagh, or for immortality, but, unfortunately, they did not know it.

The "Portrait of Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith" was sold at Christie's on June 21, 1856, for £2, to a person named Hogarth—not, un-

George's pupils, Romney first got the idea for the picture from seeing a cobbler's wife sitting in a stall. Poor Lady Hamilton; to what base uses is Beauty put!

But Art excuses everything—even that which is normally inexcusable.

Mr. Curwin bought the picture from the artist for 150 guineas, Mr. Greville, for whom it was painted, being unable to pay for it. Lord Normanton bought it in 1875 for 770 guineas, so that fifty-two years ago Romney was



MRS. LINLEY

By George Romney

fortunately, to our William Hogarth (who died in 1764)—whom we love now, but probably would have hated then.

Romney, poor George, who came so full of hope from Dalton-in-Furness in 1762 to find London so bewildering, is represented by ten pictures and, in the illustrations, by "Lady Hamilton with the Spinning Wheel." This is a picture of some adventures. Fortunately it has not ended its career in the United States of America, the natural resting-place of British Art. According to Robinson, who was one of

considered to be a great artist. In 1876 it was shown at the Old Masters' Exhibition, and in 1894 it was lent to the Guildhall by Lord Iveagh. It must have been one of the earliest of Lord Iveagh's purchases. Being an obviously charming and picturesque subject it has been often engraved, notably by Cheesman, Jeens, and Greenhead. There is a study for it in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

From Romney it is a pleasure to turn to Raeburn, the Scottish Master, who, after

The Iveagh Bequest

wandering to London and Italy, returned, unlike the majority of Scotsmen, to his native land.

In this collection he is represented by only one picture. But a more delightful example could not have been chosen.

Raeburn was about equally successful—

may delight in his emphatic touches, his rather crisp modelling, the sort of brilliance produced by his rather sudden and unsoftened transition from one tone to another, and his lustrous shadows. He has risen to the occasion of a particularly charming subject, and he has been helped by the costume of the period,



WILLIAM PITT

By Thomas Gainsborough

and at his best he was very good and better than Sargent—at men, women, and children. This "Portrait of Sir George Sinclair" is entirely delightful. It is a fine example of his gracious art. Nothing could exceed in felicity the graceful naturalism of the pose. He is caught just as he is resting for a moment on a rock. It is painted with that degree of freedom which imparts perfect relaxation. Raeburn is seen in it in his most characteristic mood. One

which did, indeed, lend itself to the making of pictures.

Sir George Sinclair (1790-1868)—it seems unkind to put on so charming a boy the meaningless weight of a baronetcy—became (and who would suspect it?) a politician and author. I have not had time to discover why he was called "The Harrow Prodigy" but he was a friend of Byron at that famous school and, possibly, any friend of the poet who still flutters the boudoirs of Hungary and

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Czechoslovakia must have been a prodigy, *ipso facto*.

It is not often given to an eighteenth-century painter to astound the *élite*, as Sir Thomas Lawrence did when his portrait of Queen Charlotte was added this year to the National Collection. As a rule he appears as a miniature painter in large, with all the trivialities of a miniature painter. And so he is in his "Portrait of Miss Murray" in the Iveagh collection.

This portrait reveals the weakness of the eighteenth-century school as the statue of Nurse Cavell reveals the poverty of the nineteenth-century English sculpture. It is effective but false. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly pretty. And that is a quality which can still be measured in thousands of pounds. Louisa Georgina, only daughter of General Sir George Murray, forms, unwittingly, the occasion of a purchase (or many purchases) and a bequest. She now belongs to a grateful nation. But in May 1905 she was sold at Christie's for 850 guineas. She represents a bit of history and a good deal of obvious charm. If she is a testimony to the abilities of Sir Thomas Lawrence, she is also witness to his weakness.

When childhood is so charming, why turn on the limelight to get effect?

In this article there is illustrated an example of the Norwich School of Painting. "The Yarmouth Water Frolic" was originally attributed to the great John Crome, founder of the Norwich School. It appears to be the work of John Bernay Crome, his eldest son. It was exhibited by that painter in Norwich in 1821; after that it passed into the collection of Dr. Turton, Bishop of Ely, and then into the collection of Canon Selwyn. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1873. It is a fine composition, worthy of the painter's father.

How well the boat, placed in the very centre, holds the composition, with the other boats grouped behind it; and how well it is balanced with the dark sail of the boat to the left, stealing out

by the jetty. There is "no stir in the air, no stir in the sea," only enough wind to fill the sails.

Even as late as 1864 this picture was sold as a work of Old Crome, and there is some justification for it.

There are two superb Dutch pictures reproduced in this number. "The Guitar Player," by the rare and much-sought-after Jan Vermeer,



MISS MURRAY

By Sir Thomas Lawrence

The Iveagh Bequest



SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR
By Sir Henry Raeburn



THE YARMOUTH WATER FROLIC

By John Bernay Crome

of Delft, is a typical example of that gracious master. The influence of Pieter de Hooch is revealed in all his work, but he had such breadth and personality that no one has ever mistaken his work for that of his master.

The composition of "The Guitar Player" is rather unusual, although it follows an academic rule. The picture is divided almost diagonally into light and shade. The seated woman with the guitar, with the framed picture on the wall behind her head, is almost entirely in the left-hand half of the picture. The right-hand side is filled with a shadow in which some articles of furniture are felt. Yet the composition is perfectly balanced. The essence of the picture is feeling, as with all works of art. It is the artist's sympathy that makes it a vital, a living thing.

Last, but by no means least, we come to the "Portrait of a Man with a Stick," by irrepressible Frans Hals.

This is a little known painting, less known even than Rembrandt's superb self-portrait, which is in this collection.

It represents Pieter van den Broecke, of Antwerp, who was the founder of Batavia.

Hals needs no introduction. Here he is seen somewhat in the mood of the "Laughing Cavalier," that masterpiece in the Wallace collection. But this is more real, more human.

It has an atmosphere and a romantic feeling which are lacking from the other portrait.

AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN BY MEMLING

By FRIEDRICH WINKLER

WE know of over thirty portraits by Memling, not counting the numerous representations of donors with their large families on altarpieces. Not all these thirty portraits are independent representations. About one-third belong to diptychs and triptychs, which have come down to us only in fragments or are preserved in different places. In consequence it has not yet been possible to ascertain in each case which parts belonged together, and still less to gain a clear impression of how these diptychs and triptychs originally looked with their frames and painted backs. In the case of diptychs the general rule was that the movable wing bore a coat-of-arms on the back, as the independent portrait also frequently bore arms; the fixed wing, on the other hand, was unpainted on the back. The best known example may be Dürer's portraits of Tucher and his wife in Weimar, painted in 1499. Another is the portrait of Jean de Gros, by Roger (Chicago), to which the Madonna in the Renders collection in Bruges probably belongs. Memling's praying donor at The Hague ("Klassiker der Kunst," p. 24), which has his arms on the back, must also once have belonged to a Madonna with an unpainted back. In other cases, as in the Berlin Madonna of 1487 ("Klassiker der Kunst," p. 70), Memling has painted the patron saint of the donor instead of his arms on the back. The panels of Moreel and his wife in Brussels ("Klassiker der Kunst," pp. 58, 59), to which a Madonna should be added in the centre, both have arms on the back of the panels. On the whole, Memling treats his little altarpieces with great variety. Memling's pictures, like those of the painters working for the Duke of Berry, of the Van Eycks and Jan Gossart, are jewels which were as often kept in cases like books of hours, pieces of goldsmith work or reliquaries, or preserved in cupboards, as displayed on the wall. Since then the portrait has become more significant, but in its outward appearance more uniform.

The well-known red volume in the "Klassiker der Kunst" (published by Karl Voll)

contains only about two thirds of what has come down to us of Memling's work. Scarcely a year passes without one or more of the master's hitherto unknown pictures turning up. However, the publication of the portrait illustrated here hardly needs any justification (Fig. I). This slender, elegant woman who appears in a niche occupies a special place, not only in Memling's work, but in the whole of early Flemish painting. The treatment of the person portrayed, the aperture through which she appears, are unique in the art of that time. Besides, this painting explains another no less unique picture of Memling's which as recently as sixty years ago still formed a single whole with this portrait of a woman, and is known to us through Voll's book (p. 60).

When I first saw the portrait, bearing the name of Petrus Christus, in a German private collection (from which it has since been sold) it at once became clear to me that this picture easily recognizable as a work of Memling's had originally belonged to the narrow panel of "Horses at a Trough," formerly in the Ch. L. Cardon collection in Brussels (Fig. II). The measurements of the portrait (42 x 17 cm.) differ only immaterially from those of the Cardon painting (which is 43 x 16 cm.), and the frame, so seldom found in early Flemish paintings, and even the arrangement of the bushes in the background, are the same. What W. v. Bode has told me about the female portrait permits the supposition that sixty years ago the two pictures were still together. He had bought the portrait in the early seventies, for a good friend, in Italy (Florence), for a few thousand lire. Probably the dealer had shortly before divided the two panels in order to sell them with greater profit separately. The provenance of the Cardon picture is not known, so it may well have been in the market at that time.

There must certainly have been a third picture in existence, a Madonna, which corresponded in shape to the figure of the donoress. The carnation which the woman holds, proffering it towards the right with an amiable smile, must have been intended for the Infant



Private Collection, Switzerland

FIG. I. PORTRAIT OF A LADY



Late Cardon Collection

FIG. II. HORSES AT A TROUGH

By Hans Memling

An Unknown Portrait of a Woman by Memling



Vienna, Liechtenstein Collection

FIG. III. MADONNA AND CHILD
By Hans Memling

Christ, whom the Virgin holds on her arm. In all probability the picture is still in existence, and is the beautiful Madonna belonging to Prince Liechtenstein (43×36 cm.) (Fig. III). As this painting* is twice as wide as the wing with the donoress, the whole must have been a triptych with the husband on the right. The pictures correspond in style as well as in measurements. Both the style and the costume of the female portrait reveal it to be a work of the first period of Memling's activity (before 1480). Kämmerer, who, alone of all those who recognize it, has discussed the Liechtenstein picture, places it, rightly, in this same period.

In any case it is very unlikely that the two panels—the female portrait and the “Horses at a Trough”—which undoubtedly belong together, should

* Herr R. Eigenberger has kindly informed me that the presence of the painting in the gallery can be traced back to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

have been opposite each other. Such a juxtaposition would be quite unusual, apart from the fact that the perspective drawing of the joints in the stone framework does not admit it, whereas, so far as I can see, Memling always used a common vanishing point, adhering to it only approximately, as is the case in most fifteenth-century pictures. I think rather that the horses formed the back of the female portrait. If it were proved that the Liechtenstein Madonna is the central panel—I am at present not in a position to certify this—then we must think of a triptych which, when closed, showed the horses at the trough on one wing and a similar subject on the other, which, together with the portrait of the husband, is not known to exist at present. But, even if we can only prove the connection of the portrait with the horses, the whole remains a remarkable witness of early Flemish painting.



Paris, Musée Jacquemart André

FIG. IV. ALLEGORY
By Hans Memling

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

The stone framework appearing both on the front and the back of our picture is not unique in Netherlandish painting. Memling is fond of surrounding his compositions with coloured columns. The simple stonework also appears in the beautiful Salting Madonna by Dirk Bouts in the National Gallery, and in a female portrait attributed to Petrus Christus formerly in the Cardon collection.*

here of holy Purity, enclosed in a crystal rock and guarded by lions, is perfectly obvious. Presumably the panel formed the back of a portrait of a young girl. Strangely enough, the lions bear blank shields.

Portraits of women are considerably less numerous in Memling's work than portraits of men. Let us therefore, in conclusion, point out another female portrait that has recently



FIG. V. PORTRAIT OF A LADY
By Hans Memling

It appears to me that a picture of Memling's in the Musée Jacquemart André, Paris (Fig. IV), which so far as I know has not been previously noticed, occupied a similar position as the "Horses at a Trough." If we may trace an allegorical reference to the lady represented in the white horse and the monkey of the Cardon picture, then the representation

come to light (Fig. V), and approaches much more nearly to the well-known portraits such as the Sibyls in the Hospital of St. John, or the wife of Moreel in Brussels. It appears that this delightfully pure and luminous picture, which is still so closely allied to Roger's portrait of a woman in London, and the one formerly at Wörlitz (now belonging to the Hon. A. W. Mellon), has been cut down below.

* Illustrated Friedländer, *Altniederländische Malerei*, vol. i, pl. 78.

THE FIRST ÆSTHETIC EXPERIENCE

By KATHARINE M. WILSON

THE child's appreciation of beauty may awaken very early, but hardly, I think, farther back than the memory stretches; so strong and wonderful an experience must bite deep. It may, indeed, make one of our earliest recollections. All outside the little circle of memory is dim, but within it I see a tiny black wooden chair which I used as a table, kneeling before it, and a flower-decorated box made to hold three cakes of Vinolia soap, but now the fragrant receptacle of hair ribbons of many shades, the favourite being a rich yellow. I used to play with the ribbons; they became dresses of lovely hue, or stood for the beautifully clad denizens of a sort of Cinderella court. My joy in the yellow ribbon, however, lay in the colour itself, *qua* colour, and I would touch or fold it with a feeling almost of sacredness. I do not know whether sight is the first higher sense to awaken. It almost certainly gives the first æsthetic experience, being the first to render a detached, objective impression, and the enjoyment of beauty needs a certain detachment. Colour seems to appeal first, and to do so long before form. I do not think I had much sense of form, or delighted in the shapes of things, until at the age of seventeen I was seized with a sudden passion for arranging flowers.

It is not surprising that a delight in beauty of colour should appear in infancy, especially among girls. Women are more sensitive to colour than men, and were so even in childhood. Perhaps this is a feminine characteristic throughout all nature; scientists seem to think that the hen bird tends to prefer the gaudiest cock. However that may be, all little girls take great interest in their variously coloured handkerchiefs, and are conscious of its colour long after they have picked one from the rest, returning to the delight in gaps between the other interests of the day. They remain more influenced by colour all their life. The shade of his tie or socks, the wallpaper of the room where he works or rests, the flowers on his table, do not influence the tone of mind of the average man very much. Such things affect the average woman to the very foundation of her being; her love of lovely things

is neither a vanity nor an affectation. The woman's sense of sight craves nourishment as the man's sense of taste does. Just as a succession of miserable dinners, which would seem trifles in a woman's day, may ruin a man's temper, so the continual wearing of drab or faded garments, matters of indifference to most men, may depress a woman's spirit. The flowers on the table sometimes do as much for the meal from the woman's point of attack as the menu from the man's.

Yet it does not need saying that men have the colour-sense, too, and enjoy its pleasures, whether it developed later or not. Illiterate man, when relieved from the pressure of money-making, may indulge it first of his artistic inclinations. One of a row of semi-detached houses in a busy thoroughfare stepped into notoriety by gratifying this delight. Placed on each side of the door was a pretty pedestalled boy clothed in pink jacket and blue shorts of lingerie shades, and shod with gilded shoes. Brightly painted woodwork and curtains of a contrasting hue indulged and revealed the same taste. Its tawdry brilliance made mirth in the passing trams, but the cackle of criticism saw only the outside of the show; it did not penetrate to the simple æsthetic pleasure, repressed for so long, gratified at last. Only by reference to our childhood can we guess their joy as, with the day's work done and the luxuries of life in their grasp, the happy owners gazed now on the pink of the jacket, now on the blue of the shorts, and now on the golden shoes.

My first æsthetic appreciation of music dates from about my twelfth year. The discovery of its raptures goes farther back than I remember, but where memory reaches the pleasure was not like that of colour, not passive. The child's enjoyment of music, after the first surprise, is dynamic, as may possibly be our first appreciation of colour. The baby seizes or sucks a brilliant hue; the child dances or sings its appreciation of music. An æsthetic experience is not dynamic, but holds us still. The yellow ribbon gave the sort of experience that the mature man feels in a perfectly poised picture, the restful sensation we obtain from

perfect balance of design and perfect harmony of colour; a sensation simply of perfection, of completeness in what the eye brings to our consciousness without either stimulating the mind by suggestions of something else, or relying for its effect on calling up associations from the past. Music can never have quite such a simple appeal. What we hear nearly always bears meaning with it, connotes something else; our impressions of sound soon become too entangled in associations to rest objective or detached. The fact, too, that music takes such a hold on us, and strikes upon the unaccustomed ear with such amazement, shows its roots entwined with our emotions. It cannot give as pure an æsthetic experience as colour may give the child. Strange music rouses strange suggestions of feeling, and all music tends to set our minds sailing away, if not with a pilot of association, then lured by unknown callings. Colour has not this effect, for even colour designs made by art and using well-known objects are formed outside us; their material does not arise out of our minds as the material of tune-making does. Pigment outside ourselves gives colour, while some impulse inside the human soul goes to the

making of tune. Thus colour arouses much simpler æsthetic feelings than the simplest feelings aroused by music; more unmixedly æsthetic, more "absolute," as they say in musical criticism.

Theories of æsthetics based on a study of the more complex arts, particularly of poetry, tend to lose sight of the basic factors of æsthetic experience, till even the existence of such a thing as beauty is questioned. By studying the æsthetic experience at its simplest we should cut out many of the difficulties in the way of a theory of art. We may find beauty in the rapture we have felt in some colour, for no reason and with no explanation outside itself. This rapture we can best describe by saying a beautiful colour may assemble a simple personality into a unity, which loses itself in rapt contemplation; the experience is a sort of worship. And though, in a complex art like that of poetry, many associations and a very complex appeal may go to the making of the beautiful thing, our experience there, too, resembles that of the simpler beauty. Poetry also assembles our personality into a unity, which loses itself in a contemplation like worship.

A PASTEL BY FRAGONARD

By TANCRED BORENIUS

THE chronicles of the theatrical world of Paris in the eighteenth century have a lot to tell about three pretty Italian actresses, the sisters Riggieri. They originally hailed from Venice, and coming to France achieved an enormous success at the Comédie Italienne in Paris. The eldest of the three, Marie-Cathérine, was born in 1751, and made her *début* as a dancer in Paris in 1766; she became known under the stage name of Colombe, which was held to harmonize with her looks and expression. About the other sister, Thérèse-Théodore, born in 1759, there

is comparatively little to tell. The youngest, and the one with whom we are most immediately concerned in the present connection, was Marie-Madeleine. Born in 1760, she appeared before the public of Paris for the first time in 1776. Sharing the pseudonym which had been adopted by her eldest sister, she came to be known as Adeline Colombe.

Fragonard has painted several portraits both of Marie-Cathérine and of Adeline Colombe: particularly famous is a charming pair of circular pictures which used to adorn a country house at Saint-Brice, not far from Montmorency,



Musée de Besançon

MARIE-MADELEINE RIGGIERI

By Jean-Honoré Fragonard



MARIE-MADELEINE RIGGIERI
By Jean-Honoré Fragonard

Paris, Richard Owen, Esq

which had been bought for Marie-Cathérine by young M. Vassal, whom it is recorded she took as her lover *après avoir ruiné un lord anglais*. In one of these pictures Marie-Cathérine is seen caressing a dove—the allusion to the stage name of the sisters is obvious; while in the other Marie-Madeleine is egging on a kitten and a puppy to fight each other. This exquisite pair of pictures is now in the collection of Baron Edouard de Rothschild in Paris.

M. Maurice Feuillet, in an interesting article published in the "Gaulois Artistique" for July 9, 1927, has pointed out the close resemblance which the Saint-Brice portrait of Marie-Madeleine Riggieri shows to the delightful portrait of a young girl by Fragonard (here reproduced), a pastel recently discovered by Mr. Richard Owen, of Paris, in whose possession it now is.

At the same time, M. Feuillet draws attention to the fact that there exists a drawing by Fragonard in which the subject of Mr. Owen's newly-found pastel appears in a closely similar form. The drawing in question is in the Museum at Besançon, which, thanks to the bequest made by an eighteenth-century admirer of Fragonard—Pierre Adrien Paris, *architecte du roi* and director of the Académie de France at Rome—possesses the finest collection of drawings by Fragonard in existence. The drawing in question (which we reproduce so as to enable our readers to compare it with Mr. Owen's pastel) is but a tiny one, circular, and measuring some ten centimetres in diameter. It is very slight and obviously the first sketch which the artist made for the subject of which we now are fortunate enough to know the subsequent and enlarged version. Practically nothing is changed in the pose and movement, the artist having obviously and

rightly been delighted with the form which the subject from the first took under his hands. But there is no mere repetition—how could there ever be with an artist creating with such spontaneity and inexhaustible resourcefulness as Fragonard? But what is merely hinted at in the Besançon sketch has here been given infinite richness of content. The expression has become incomparably more subtle, vivid and charming; and as to the rendering of form, Fragonard has here achieved a surety and fullness of structure which are up to the highest standard set by his work generally. The interpreter *par excellence* of mutinous feminine charm, he never did anything finer in that capacity than the present work.

Possessed of a mastery in the handling of rich oil paint, which few have since equalled, Fragonard, as is well known, also produced a number of drawings, and in these made use of different techniques. A large group is formed by his drawings in sepia wash, and he was also very partial to sanguine. Pastels by Fragonard are, on the other hand, of the greatest rarity. At the great Fragonard Exhibition at the Pavillon de Marsan in 1921—never to be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see it—only two pastels were to be seen—a "Portrait of a Young Girl," lent by M. Doistau, and a "Portrait of a Woman," belonging to the Musée de Besançon. Mr. Owen's precious picture therefore increases in very remarkable terms of percentage the known works of this branch of Fragonard's artistic activities; and it also shows, in an astonishing degree, what rewards may even now be in store for those who go in search of the works of the greatest masters of the *dix-huitième*, with perseverance—and good luck.



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LADY HAMILTON

By George Romney

James A. Murray

PARRASIO MICHIELI

By DETLEV BARON VON HADELN

PARRASIO MICHIELI is not a great artist, but for various reasons he is not without interest. He studied under Titian; afterwards he approached Veronese. Indeed, Ridolfi* declares that Veronese frequently provided him with sketches for pictures. Besides, Parrasio was on good terms with the greater and lesser representatives of contemporary literature—Paolo Giovio, Pietro Aretino, Girolamo Parabosco, Andrea Calmo, Ortensio Lando. These men, some of whom enjoy a European reputation, addressed flattering letters to the mediocre painter, or took some opportunity of mentioning him with commendation in their writings.

Nearly fifteen years ago I wrote a fairly long paper† on this not uninteresting personality, and I must refer to it now in order not to repeat unnecessarily the references to original documents and to the earlier literature of art. To this I have now to add several pictures and two documents of importance for the biography of the painter. The one is a letter from Parrasio to Philip II of Spain, dated Venice, August 20, 1575. The letter, which was published by Miss Constance J. Ffoulkes,‡ accompanied a painting of Parrasio's, which is still preserved

in the Prado, and represents an allegory on the birth of the Infant Don Fernando. The other document is the painter's will, which I subsequently found in the Venetian State archives. As the will contains a good deal of biographical information, I will give some extracts of it here:

1578, 17 Aprilis.

Cum vitæ terminus etc. la qual cosa considerando, Io Parrasio Michieli fo de ms. Salvador . . . giacendo nel letto in casa della mia habitatione posta nella contra de S. Marcilian et volendo ordinar delli miei beni, ho fatto chiamar et venir à me Zuan Battista Monte publico nodaro di Venetia, il quale ho pregato scriver il presente mio testamento . . .

Instituisco mei fideli commissarij et del presente mio testamente esecutori li Magnifici m. Martino Mafeti, ms. Andrea dell' Hoste et uno delli magnifici fratelli da cha Michiel furno del clarissimo ms.

Salvador, cio è quello che per sua cortesia vorà accettar il carico della mia commissaria, et Madonna Anzola, la qual al presente et già anni quindese in sedese si ritrova al mio servitio, le quali prego ad esequir quanto qui sotto ordinerò.

Lasso il Christo d' Avorio in croce, fornito d' hebbano, qual si ritrova esser nel mio mezado sopra il Rio in casa della mia habitation al Reverendissimo signor Alvise Michiel Vescovo de Spalato, fu del clarissimo ms. Mafio in segno d' amorevolezza, et per memoria de molte cortesie per me ricevute nella mia gioventu da sua Signoria Reverendissima. Item lasso alli prenominati Magnifici Michieli una tazza d' arzeno de valor de ducati venti per una, cio è à cadauno d' essi magnifici fratelli in segno di gratitudine et amorevolezza. Item lasso alli figlioli del magnifico ms. Polo Michiel, cio è al Magnifico ms. Salvador, al magnifico ms. Lunardo et al magnifico ms. Luca tre libri delli mei per cadauno de loro. Lasso alli sopradetti Magnifici mei commissarij uno Quadro de devotione per cadauno de loro à sua eletto



Murano, S. Pietro Martire
FIG. I. THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH
SAINTS AND A DONOR
By Parrasio Michieli

* Ridolfi, ed. Hadeln, Berlin, 1914-1924, ii, p. 137.

† *Jahrbuch der Preussischen Kunstsammlungen*, vol. xxxiii, p. 149 ff. Cf. also *Nachtrag*, vol. xxxiv, p. 166 ff.

‡ *Monatshefte für Kunstwissenschaft*, 1912, October. The letter was also printed by T. Allende-Salazar and F.T. Sanchez Canton, *Ritrator del Prado*, Madrid, 1919, p. 934.



London, Mr. Max Rothschild

FIG. II. VENUS AND CUPID

By Parrasio Michieli

(sic) in segno d'amore. Lasso ch' ogni anno sij dato in perpetuo alla sacristia del convento et monasterio de S. Zuanne Paulo di Venetia ducati cinque da esser dispensati tra li cantori che canterano ogn' anno il giorno de Santo Giosef una Messa figurata de detto santo . . . Lasso una mansoneria perpetua nella chiesa de ms. Giosef in Venetia acio che il sacerdote . . . habbi il carico di celebrar messa tre giorni alla settimana sopra l' altare della Redentione del nostro signore per me fatto fabricare in detta chiesa. . . .

A tergo : Testamentum m. Parasii Michaelis quondam Salvatoris.

Die 19 aprilis 1578 publicatum fuit viso cadavere.

(Venezia, Archivio di Stato. Sezione Notarile Gio. Batt. Monte, Testamenti, Busta 707, No. 386.)

The will shows pretty clearly that Parrasio was an illegitimate offspring of the patrician family Michiel. He was the son of a certain Salvador, whose legitimate sons are described in the will as the "magnifici fratelli da cha Michiel forno del clarissimo ms. Salvador." This Salvador Michiel belongs to the branch of the Michieli da S. Ziminiano. He married in 1516 Betta Contarini and died in 1555 or 1556.* From these data it appears probable that his natural son Parrasio was born before 1516, that is, before the contraction of marriage with a lady of the house of Contarini. That would fit in well with the biographical notices which we already possess about Parrasio. The document printed above gives us, further, fairly accurate information concerning the date

* Cf. *Barbaro, Arbori di patrizii Veneti*. MS. in Archivio di Stato, Venice, vol. v, c. 99. The bishop, Alvise Michiel, mentioned in the will, belongs to another branch of the family, namely, the Michieli da S. Cancian. *Barbaro*, vol. v, p. 120.

of his death. The will was made out on April 17, 1578, and was already proved on the nineteenth "viso cadavere."

The will of the childless widower* does not testify very great wealth, but still considerable affluence. So that Ridolfi's description, which I have questioned on several points, may, after all, not be so incorrect, though probably a little maliciously exaggerated. Ridolfi puts the matter in such a light, as though Parrasio owed his success as a painter exclusively to his wealth.

Is it not possible to compare Parrasio Michieli with Vincenzo Catena? Catena was also a man of property. He, too, was esteemed in a manner we can no longer understand by a Marcanton Michiel, even by a

* It is clear that Parrasio had no children from the fact that he mentions no legitimate heir in his will. In 1550 he married the daughter of a German baker, who appears not to have lived long. It will be observed that Parrasio mentions that Madonna Anzola, obviously a housekeeper, had been fifteen to sixteen years in his service.



Berlin, Herr Leo Blumenreich

FIG. III. VENUS

By Parrasio Michieli

Parrasio Michieli

Pietro Bembo. And just as Parrasio, as an artist, lived by Titian and Veronese, so did Catena in a like manner lean on Bellini, Giorgione, and Raphael. To this we may add a coolness of temperament common to both.

Of the pictures which I would here add to the list of Parrasio's works, let me first mention an altarpiece in S. Pietro Martire at Murano to which Dr. Giuseppe Fiocco drew my attention (Fig. I). The painting, repre-

senting a Madonna enthroned with two saints and a kneeling donor, was formerly in S. Maria degli Angeli at Murano, where it was described by Boschini* as a work of the school of Paris Bordone, and as occupying a position over the altar of the Pasqualigo family. An inscription† states that Ursula, the widow of the Procurator Lorenzo Pasqualigo, who died in 1535, erected a tomb in front of this altar. The saints who flank the Madonna's throne, Lawrence and Ursula, the patron saints of the couple,

show that the origin of the altarpiece is closely connected with the erection of the tomb. Evidently the picture was given by the widow in memory of her deceased husband, who is represented as the kneeling donor adoring the Virgin. This makes 1535 the earliest possible date for the picture. It may, however, have been produced any time up to

the early forties if we are not to assume that it was painted by Parrasio as quite a young man. The attribution itself, which, as I have said, was first suggested by Dr. Fiocco, can hardly be questioned. Certain peculiarities of Parrasio's stand out too clearly in this early, essentially Titianesque, work. The drawing is clean but without force. The colour is more variegated than rich. The technical execution is over-careful, down to the smallest details.

Another rather early work by Parrasio turned up recently in the London art market (Mr. Max Rothschild). It is a figure of "Venus and Cupid" (Fig. II), which undoubtedly goes back to Titian's "Danae," in the Museo Nazionale in Naples. The treatment of this somewhat pedestrian repetition is, as we shall see, of some importance for the biography of Parrasio and for the chronology of his paintings. We know that Titian painted his "Danae" in 1545 for Cardinal Farnese, and that he did so, not in Venice, but in

Rome, where it also remained some time. From these circumstances it appears to follow that Parrasio studied the painting by Titian in Rome; at any rate this is the supposition which most immediately presents itself. This, the simplest hypothesis, is supported historically by the statement of a contemporary person. From a letter of Andrea Calmo to Parrasio it is clear that he had lived in Rome before 1547. Now the question crops up whether Parrasio had been able to study and copy the "Danae" by Titian in the Palazzo Farnese, or whether he



FIG. IV. CONCERT
By Parrasio Michieli

Schwartzin Gallery

* Marco Boschini, *Ricche Minere*, Venezia, 1674, Sestiere di S. Croce, p. 26.

† Cf. Vincenzo Zanetti, *Del monastero e della chiesa di S. Maria degli Angeli di Murano memorie storiche*, Venezia, 1863, p. 250 f.

did so in Titian's atelier in Rome. To me the latter hypothesis seems to have the greater probability, for I think it very unlikely that Cardinal Farnese would allow a young artist to copy a picture just painted for him by Titian. On the other hand, it appears to me evident that the young Venetian got into contact with his famous fellow-citizen in Rome, unless, indeed, one prefers to assume that Parrasio came to Rome together with Titian as one of his assistants. A certain amount of intimacy seems by this time to have existed between the great artist and his parasite. Ridolfi knew of letters which Parrasio wrote to Titian in Germany, thus probably in 1548: in these he speaks against the "spoilers of art" who, during the absence of Titian, had free play in Venice. It is not difficult to guess who is alluded to; in April 1548 Tintoretto had his first triumph when the "Miracle of St Mark" was publicly displayed.

Among the pictures by Parrasio, which I discussed before, there is a Venus making music with Cupid in the gallery at Budapest. The same motive of the female half-figure making music occurs with unimportant variations in other pictures by Parrasio. The earliest of these, judging by the head-dress, must be the one belonging to Herr Leo Blumenreich in Berlin (Fig. III). The motive appears again in a painting in the Schwerin Gallery (Fig. IV), where the addition of a man playing the flute and another playing the organ, treated in a portrait-like manner, makes the composition into a concert.

A variant is in the Art Institute in Chicago, though mistakenly ascribed to Domenico Brusasorzi. This attribution can, directly

or indirectly, be traced back to Mr. Berenson, who also gives, in Budapest, the same attribution to Domenico Brusasorzi to the composition of three half-length figures clearly allied to the picture in Schwerin which belongs to Mr. Francis Howard in London. In another painting Parrasio has amusingly transformed the musicians into nymphs and satyrs; this was sold by auction in December 1926 at Christie's, with the somewhat bold ascription "Tintoretto." The picture now belongs to Signor Giuseppe Bellesi (Fig. V).

How little Parrasio, in spite of his having

studied with Titian, remained untouched by the fashionable tendency of Mannerism may be seen in an important rendering of "Danae" (Fig. VI) in the possession of the dealer, Herr Fischer, of Lucerne. True, Parrasio has not tried his hand at the strong, artificial foreshortening, which the Mannerists loved to show off. But the effect of his composition depends, not so much on the essentially

Venetian element—that is, colour—as on a coolly elegant and somewhat abstract style of drawing.

TRANSLATION OF WILL

1578, 17 April.

Cum vitæ terminus etc. considering which I, *Parasio Michieli*, son of the late Signore Salvador . . . lying in bed in the house where I live in the contrà de S. Marcilian, and wishing to arrange my affairs, have had Zuan Battista Monte, the public notary of Venice, called to my side, and have asked him to write this, my will and testament. I appoint as my faithful commissaries and executors of this will the Mag. m. Martino Mafeti, Signor Andrea dell' Hoste, and one of the brothers Michieli, sons of his excellence the late Signor Salvador, that is, the one who will be so good as to accept the charge of my commission, and Madonna Anzola, who is at present and has been for



London, Signor Giuseppe Bellesi

FIG. V. A CONCERT
By Parrasio Michieli

Parrasio Michieli

the last fifteen or sixteen years in my service, whom I pray to execute what I put down below.

I bequeath the ivory Christ on a cross of ebony, which is in the mezzanine in my house on the Rio, to the Reverend Signor Alvise Michiel Bishop of Spalato, son of the late Signor Mafio, as a sign of my affection and in memory of the many acts of kindness received by me in my youth from his Reverence. Item, I bequeath to the above-mentioned M. Michieli a silver cup valued at twenty ducats each, that is, one to each of the brothers as a sign of gratitude and affection. Item, I bequeath to the sons of the M. Signor Polo Michiel, that is to the M. Signor Salvador, the



FIG. VI. DANAE
By Parrasio Michieli

Lucerne, Herr Fischer

M. Sign. Lunardo, and the M. Sign. Luca, three books of mine to each of them. I bequeath to each of my above-mentioned commissaries a devotional picture at their choice, as a sign of love. I desire that each year, in perpetuity, five ducats be distributed to the choristers of the convent and monastery of S. Zuanne Paolo of Venice, who sing a full choral Mass to St. Joseph every year on St. Joseph's day. I leave in perpetuity to the church of St. Joseph in Venice a stipend in order that the priest shall

have charge to celebrate Mass three days a week at the altar of the Redemption of Our Lord built by me in the said church. . . .

LONDON TOPOGRAPHY IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

AT no time, perhaps, has the art of watercolour painting been carried on so sedulously as during the latter years of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, and certainly at no time has that art been so consistently concerned with topography. There were then few points of interest in London and its environs to which painters did not turn their attention, and among these artists the majority expressed themselves through the medium of watercolour. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the names of the great masters in this particular *genre* who arose during that period and combined in forming the most remarkable school of *aquarellistes* which has ever existed. Many of these men were equally outstanding in other branches of the art, and the oil-

paintings of Monamy and Marlow, David Cox and Constable, and so forth have to some extent dominated their excursions into their other method of artistic expression. Some, too, chose subjects not exactly topographical in the more generally accepted sense of the word. But nearly all at one time or another gave their attention to depicting the streets of London or those spots, then rural enough, which have today become overrun by the streets of greater London.

In all sorts of places will you find evidences of this activity in perpetuating the interesting features of the capital. Patrons like Crace and Gardiner and Chadwyck-Healey employed artists such as Hosmer, Shepherd and Schnebli and Crowther (to name but these) to make drawings of buildings likely to be



WESTMINSTER

By Peter de Wint

destroyed or which by their intrinsic interest merited perpetuation. No show of old masters of this period fails to contain a certain number of such excursions into pictorial topography. But nowhere is to be found such a comprehensive assemblage of such things as in the Victoria and Albert Museum, where, amid that unrivalled collection of watercolour drawings, may be discovered a gallery in itself of works dealing with the inexhaustible subject of London.

Anyone studying the pictures concerned with the subject, in this treasure house, cannot but be struck by one feature which prevails in almost all of them—I mean the aspect the city wore in those days, a century or more ago, as compared with it as we know it today. Certain great landmarks, it is true, remain practically the same, as for instance the two interiors of

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, which John Coney depicted respectively in 1817 and 1811; the Greenwich Hospital by Callcott; Lambeth Palace by F. L. T. Francia; the Banqueting House, Whitehall, by T. Girtin; and so on. But if we turn to other drawings in which certain great public buildings are not the principal features, we shall be amazed at the changes that have taken place and shall realize the debt we owe to those talented men who preserved in pictorial form what is no more, and whose artistic documents are so much better capable of bringing such things vividly before the mind than pages of the most elaborate description could do.

It is obviously impossible for me here to give anything like a complete list of what I may call the "Pictorial Londoniana" in the Victoria and Albert Museum; but I select certain examples



OLD LONDON BRIDGE

By J. M. W. Turner

London Topography in the Victoria and Albert Museum

as being specially interesting examples, and incidentally as a means of drawing attention to a mine of information on London not generally recognized. Thus G. Barret junr.'s picture of "A Market Garden at Chelsea" recalls that period when a large portion of this area was occupied by these

gardens, some of them crossed by rights of way where a century ago it was not always safe to walk. "Battersea Fields," by Bragg (there is another of the same subject by David Cox), shows a rural neighbourhood which has long since become covered with bricks and mortar; while if the various pictures of Hampstead by Constable, Chalon, T. C. Hofland and Girtin do not strike us with such astonishment in this respect, it is only because this part of London still retains more of its former rustic characteristics than any other. But who would recognize in the pictures of the Bayswater Road by Paul Sandby, with its old inn, its tea gardens, and its generally rural air, the sophisticated thoroughfare of today? Who could imagine the Gore Lane, Kensington, of De Wint to be the Queen's Gate of today? These are but a few of the many pictures dealing with what were then outlying portions of London, but are now integral parts of its vast and complicated organism.

More immediately in the heart of that organism we shall find



ST. MARY-LE-STRAND

By T. Malton, junr.

York Buildings, Strand, by W. Evans; the Keeper's Lodge, or Old Cake House, in Hyde Park, by T. Hearne; that illusive London Bridge Theatre (nobody seems to know where it stood) by Kennedy; the quaint fishermen's houses on the Thames at Lambeth, by W. H. Pyne; Lord Cremorne's Villa at Chelsea, by Rooker; Peterborough House, Millbank, by G. Shepherd; and, rather surprisingly, a moonlight view of Gore House which Sir Edwin Landseer sketched in 1848.

There are also many interesting interiors of buildings which have long since disappeared (those of existing churches and other public

structures need not be specified), and among them one of the London Bridge Theatre, already mentioned; the Old Corn Exchange in Mark Lane, by Sir J. Gilbert; Angerstein's Picture Gallery, in Pall Mall, by F. Mackenzie; the Gallery of the New Society of Water-colour Painters, taken in 1824, by Sir G. Scharf; and the original, by J. R. Smith, of his famous



CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA

By J. Varley (1817)

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

colour-print of the Promenade at Carlisle House, Soho (Mrs. Cornelys's).

Examining this remarkable collection of pictures, which, by the way, would be still more valuable for reference if they were all placed together and thus formed a special topographical gallery, we can reconstruct a London many features of which are familiar to the memories of the older generation, but which to most of us seem strange, almost prehistoric. When, for example, we look at G. Shepherd's picture of the Guildhall Yard, with Blackwell



THE OLD SWAN, BAYSWATER

By Paul Sandby



FAREWELL OF Mlle. RACHEL

By L. E. Lami (1841)

(or Bakewell) Hall on its east side, we might wonder what this building was did we not remember that here was once held the weekly wool market, and that in 1820 the structure was demolished to make way for the Bankruptcy Court, which has in its turn gone elsewhere. Again, the view of King's Cross as it was in 1832, by G. S. Shepherd, would hardly be realized as the site of the Great Northern Railway Terminus, did we not know that this was a fact. Where is the old Elephant and Castle at



EDMONTON STATUTE FAIR

By J. Nixon (1788)

London Topography in the Victoria and Albert Museum

from all points of view, as it was at a period when there yet existed in it landmarks which the negligence or the ignorance of a regardless generation allowed to be destroyed and whose features, but for such pictorial memorials, would be, in some cases, unknown to us. In certain recognized quarters, such as the

gathering of such things which are not only valuable as such, but are the more so as being the works, in nearly every instance, of consummate masters in the art of watercolour painting.

In this combination of artistic mastery and topographical interest the collection is



WATERLOO BRIDGE AND SHOT-TOWER

By Clarkson Stanfield

Crace Collection and the Crowle Pennant, both in the British Museum, in the London Museum and at the Guildhall, as well as in some of the public libraries which have collected such things as appertain to their particular parishes, a mass of pictures and engravings and so forth bearing on the topography of London will be found. But the Victoria and Albert is, I believe, alone in possessing an extraordinarily fine and representative

unique, and should, I cannot but think, be more widely known than it appears to be. The fact that it is ramparted about on all sides by such an amazing assemblage of beautiful pictures in other *genres*, as well as by what is perhaps the most all-embracing collection of precious objects in other directions in the world, has doubtless had something to do with its being overlooked as the excellent topographical treasure-house it is.

A PORTRAIT BY ALESSIO BALDOVINETTI (?) AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, during the rearrangement of pictures at Windsor Castle, there was found in one of the private rooms a small portrait of the Italian School. It represented a man in very sharp profile to the left, on a very dark background, smooth-shaven, with closed-cropped reddish-brown hair, wearing a red dress, apparently of velvet, and a high-crowned red cap of the same material, fitting close to the head, showing but little of the hair beneath it. The nose, which is prominent, is carefully modelled. It was obvious that this portrait deserved better consideration, so it was moved to Hampton Court Palace, where it has since been on exhibition. Its history is unknown, but most of the miscellaneous Italian and other paintings of minor importance, not shown in the State apartments at Windsor Castle, or at Hampton Court, formed part of the rather extensive purchases made by King George III in the early years of his reign, many of which were used to furnish Kew Palace, whence they were removed, on the abandonment of Kew as a royal residence, to Windsor Castle and elsewhere.

At first sight the portrait recalled those in the paintings by the artists employed by Federico da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, such as Melozzo da Forlì or Justus of Ghent, and tentative ascription to one or other of those painters was made. The portrait did not escape the notice of experts, and the hand of a Florentine or Umbrian painter was suggested, Uccello or Piero della Francesca being named. The style of painting and the technique, even in the present condition of the painting, seemed to point to Piero della Francesca.

Some years ago Signor Adolfo Venturi, the recognized historian of Italian painting, inspected the portrait with great interest, and in "L'Arte" for January and February 1922*

he attributed this painting to Alessio Baldovinetti in the following words :

Un ritratto fiorentino, nella Galleria del Castello reale di Hampton court, ferma lo sguardo per la finezza estrema del rilievo, basso, tenue, spento come nei ritratti di Paolo Uccello. Raffigura, in esatto profilo, un busto di gentiluomo, coperto di una greve cappa di velluto e di un nero [sic] berretto a cono tronco. Sul fondo bruno, di tinta unita, s'intaglia con nitidezza di cammeo la testa dai lineamenti sottili, affilati, dal profilo di uccello, colorita della tinta bianchiccia trasparente e piatta che è propria alle prime opere di Alessio Baldovinetti. I capelli corti, grossi e duri, gli angoli fini delle labbra, quasi arricciati a punta di forbice, riappaiono, poco più tardi, nei bellissimi ritratti a fresco dell'Annunziata a Firenze; l'appiattimento medagliastico della testa e la costruzione conica delle pieghe di greve velluto, la solida architettura delle spalle e della veste, la stasi perfetta della figura inquadrata con schematica semplicità nel telaro rettangolare del quadro, ci presentano il Baldovinetti in quel fugace periodo in cui la sua arte sembra anello di transizione fra le intarsiate composizioni di Paolo Uccello e gli spianamenti prospettici delle forme di Piero della Francesca.

Un contorno tagliente nitido sicuro delinea con meravigliosa precisione i tratti dell'aguzzo profilo, la breve bocca, la fronte piatta, il naso a becco d'uccello, sporgente e sottile, le palpebre fini tra cui s'apre immoto il penetrante occhio, nella sua chiarezza acuta e fredda, in accordo con la pallida, secca fisionomia, che pure nella monumentale immobilità esprime un'energia latente e imperioso, l'attività di uno spirito pronto, acre ed inquieto. Prende posto, la finissima pittura, fra i capolavori ritrattistici del Quattrocento fiorentino.

The work of Baldovinetti is little known outside Florence, and there are few paintings in England which have as yet been identified as from his brush. Vasari speaks of him as follows :

Alessio Baldovinetti, drawn by a natural inclination, abandoned commerce, in which his relatives had ever occupied themselves—insomuch that by practising it honourably they had acquired riches and lived like noble citizens—and devoted himself to painting, in which he showed a peculiar ability to counterfeit very well the objects of nature, as may be seen in the pictures by his hand. This man, while still very young, and almost against the wish of his father, who would have liked him to give his attention to commerce, devoted himself to drawing, and in a short time he made so much progress therein that his father was content to allow him to follow the inclination of his nature.*

Vasari alluded to the frescoes painted by

* Anno xxv, fasc. I, p. 10.

* Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, G. de Vere, iii, 67.

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PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN
By Hans Baldung Grien

By gracious permission of
His Majesty The King

A Portrait by Baldovinetti (?)

Baldovinetti in the Annunziata and in the chapel of S. Trinità, where he introduced portraits of Lorenzo de' Medici and other eminent Florentines which, unluckily, no longer exist; to his painting in tempera, to his delight in landscape and details of Nature, and to his work in mosaic, also to his painting in a somewhat dry and harsh manner. Baldovinetti retired in later life into the hospital of S. Paolo, where he died in 1498 at the age of eighty. It is also known that Baldovinetti and Piero della Francesca were fellow pupils of Domenico Veneziano.

Baldinucci* thought that Baldovinetti was a pupil of Paolo Uccello, but advanced no proof. Crowe and Cavalcaselle,† without calling him a pupil of Domenico Veneziano, say that:

Baldovinetti may have met both Domenico Veneziano and Piero della Francesca, if he laboured in S. Maria Nuova at Florence, where they were both employed, one as master, the other as pupil. It is certain that his pictures embody something of their manner.

Mr. Berenson‡ has not a good word for Baldovinetti. He says:

Alessio Baldovinetti, in whose scanty remaining works no trace of purely artistic feeling or interest can be discerned.

And again:

Alessio's attention being largely devoted to problems of vehicle—to the side of painting which is scarcely superior to cookery—he had time for little else, although that spare time he gave to the study of landscape, in the rendering of which he was among the innovators.

Baldovinetti found, however, greater favour in the eyes of Mr. Roger Fry, who, in an article in the "*Burlington Magazine*,"§ sought to prove that the well-known profile portrait of a Florentine lady in the National Gallery, where it is ascribed to Piero della Francesca, is really the work of Baldovinetti. Mr. Fry, in his most valuable essay, based his arguments upon the general character of the design and special characteristics of form in the face and drapery, upon the colour-scheme, and upon the peculiar technique, on which subject Mr. Fry gives a

learned exposition of the use of tempera painting at this date.

Through Mr. Fry a number of portraits are brought upon the scene, all painted in sharp, flat profile, as if designed for a medal or plaque, and executed in a rather dry, hard, and not wholly sympathetic manner. Some of these have been ascribed to one or other of the painters already mentioned.

The portrait ascribed to Piero della Francesca in the National Gallery, and to Baldovinetti by Mr. Fry, is assigned to Uccello by Mr. Berenson and J. P. Richter. A somewhat similar portrait in the J. G. Johnson collection at Philadelphia is assigned by Mr. Berenson to the School of Domenico Veneziano. Another portrait in the Poldo-Pezzoli gallery at Milan, which seems to come from the same atelier, has been ascribed by Mr. Berenson to Verrocchio. Another profile portrait of a young Florentine lady, until recently in the Holford collection,* was only assigned to the Umbro-Florentine School, but by Mr. Berenson to the Florentine, even at one time to Pesellino. Another similar portrait in the Berlin gallery is assigned tentatively to Piero della Francesca, and another, in the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, in Boston, U.S.A., to Domenico Veneziano. To these may be added a well-known portrait in profile of a Florentine youth in the Uffizi gallery at Florence, which is usually assigned to Pollaiuolo.

It would seem almost sure that this series of portraits were produced by the group of artists at Florence, repeated by Domenico Veneziano and his two pupils, Alessio Baldovinetti and Piero della Francesca. To this group can be added the portrait at Hampton Court Palace assigned with such confidence by Signor Venturi to Baldovinetti. If Mr. Fry's arguments be accepted about the portrait in the National Gallery, the whole series would seem to belong to Baldovinetti. If the influence of the great galleries in London and Berlin is to prevail, the portraits must all be assigned to Piero della Francesca. In this case the portrait at Hampton Court Palace might be assigned to Piero, and adds one more to the few paintings in England of this most interesting painter.

* *Opere*, vol. 5, p. 318.

† *History of Painting in Italy*, ii, 372.

‡ *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*.

§ Vol. xviii, p. 311.

* Burlington Fine Arts Club—Umbrian Exhibition, 1910, and the Holford Collection, Westonbirt, cat. no. 14.

DECORATIVE PAINTING

By M. JOURDAIN

THE practice of painting mural decoration in monochrome was not uncommon in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the Cranborne accounts for the year 1647 payment is made to John Percevell the painter "for putting the cornysh cantozzes and piramydes into stone colour," and at Quentry a bedroom retains a grisaille wall decoration of fluted Ionic columns supporting a wide frieze painted with grisaille scrollwork. In the hall, again, at King's Warton, near Bristol, dating from

The staircase hall has its walls enriched with figure work, while the first-floor room, which extends from the back to the front of the house, is brilliantly wainscoted in paint, except where a space is reserved for bookshelves. The Victorian chimneypiece was removed and replaced by a marble bolection-moulded surround and the chimneybreast flanked by painted fluted pilasters. A frieze of alternating triglyphs and rosettes is carried round the room, and the panelling and all the architectural elements and enrichments painted



DRAWING-ROOM
Decorated by Philip Tilden

about 1720, the niches in the arcaded walls are filled with grisaille paintings of urns and statues; and at Canon's Ashby the early-eighteenth-century painted parlour is treated with an architectural system, marbled Corinthian pilasters, and entablature. Such effects "not only gratified the fancy of the time, which was occasionally *bizarre*, but produced a rich effect at a small cost." In the revival of monochrome decoration by the well-known architect, Mr. Philip Tilden, architecture is again brought in to enliven and dignify the walls of his houses.

In No. 3 Pelham Crescent, a unit in a sweep of houses built by George Basevi about 1830, the walls are painted from top to bottom

in umber-coloured tempera. Above the fireplace opening a fixed picture of Italian ruins was framed, in accordance with the traditional choice of such romantic decorative pictures for this position. In the dining-room on the ground floor, the walls are marked a lapis lazuli colour; while the chimneypiece, also a bolection moulding, is surmounted by a frieze and moulded cornice, and grouped figures in monochrome. At one side of this room, once occupied by a pair of folding doors, is an architectural framework flanked by painted Ionic pilasters.

In No. 3 Pelham Crescent, and No. 7 Hill Street, Knightsbridge, the problem was

Decorative Painting



DINING-ROOM

Decorated by Philip Tilden

to give accent and life to a "featureless" house. In the small Hill Street house, dating from late in the reign of George IV, the chief room is the two-windowed drawing-room on the first floor. Here the sole relic of its date, the band of scrollwork in cast plaster bordering the ceiling, has been painted a broken light cedar colour, and the walls also painted in this colour, slightly varied in surface, as the artist progressed round the room. The flanks of these walls are divided into a large panel system of an uneven number of panels according to the size of the space to be filled. The deeply-moulded painted cornice ramps up over the centre panel of each flank, thus accenting the middle of each wall. On either side of this centre are painted pendants of fruit and flowers, also in cedar-coloured monochrome. The chimneypiece, an architrave of painted wood with jutting angles, is carved in the centre of the frieze with crossed sprays of foliage centring in a shell. The rich yellow marble lining to this is veined and peaked with lapis lazuli—blue paint. Above the chimneypiece hangs in a fixed frame, as in Pelham Crescent, a landscape with Italian ruins in

sombre tones. This decoration was carried out in tempera on a white wall-paper. A note of varied colour is introduced by the deep-shaped curtain valances, cut out of sail-cloth by Mr. Tilden, and painted with tassels and broad Marottesque braiding and festoons of coloured flowers.

In the ground-floor dining-room, as in the dining-room at No. 3 Pelham Crescent, the ornament is concentrated over the marble chimneypiece, where three figures are sketched with lively skill and charm against a background of autumnal leaves and berries. The rest of the wall is hung with a faintly-coloured marble paper.

In both small houses Mr. Tilden, who has a special gift for interior decoration, has avoided lifeless simulation of woodwork in relief and architectural elements, and has brilliantly varied and innovated upon architectural formulæ. No one looking at the walls of these two London rooms with their painted panelling could be deceived by a "false claim," or could take the garlands, masks and pilasters for actual woodwork in relief. Upon one point the artist himself is clear, that the work is rapid, and inexpensive in materials, the house in Hill Street absorbing in all about three pounds' worth of paint. But the essential element in the decoration is, of course, the artist who has triumphantly conjured up romantic architecture out of the simplest elements and within the most limited compass.



DRAWING-ROOM

Decorated by Philip Tilden

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

HENCEFORTH the artistic season is in full swing and, I should add, in all its variety. Seldom have we been regaled with such an ample concert. All the notes are sounded by a single stroke, or almost all. What a retaliation for us, what a relief to the art-lover, after the monotony of the Salon d'Automne, where the greatest success with the public fell to the lot of the gastronomic section, under the chef Rouzier of Périgord! It was Picasso who, reserving his table at this restaurant of the salon, wanted to have the traditional label "Sold," the pride of young painters and young dealers, placed in a good position on an elaborate centrepiece.

What have we seen here and there? Everything, I can tell you, from a Delacroix exhibition (drawings and engravings) to the presentation of recent works by Francis Picabia, the father of Dada the apostle, and soon the dissident of Superrealism, by turns the worst farce-player and the most industrious of fervent artists. I can certainly not be expected to linger over the Delacroix exhibition, which was very fine; it would be unfair to too many young artists, whom it is my duty to present.

A new gallery (the 897th, if my calculation is right) has offered us for its inauguration an exhibition of "Portraits of Today."

The idea is admirable. Our curiosity about the sitters, together with our taste for a certain kind of painting, is a guarantee of success. But the organizers—M. Bernier, the director, and M. Claude Roger-Marx, the editor of the catalogue—in making their skilful choice in the modern studios, have endeavoured primarily to underline everything that would make the art of painting lose its too absolute contempt for the human figure.

"For twenty years, since the password was given," writes M. Claude Roger-Marx, "a picture has been essentially a plane surface, covered with paint arranged in a certain order; since Cézanne's dictatorship over all minds, contemporary art has almost entirely turned away from man, and the idolatry of the Apple (Cézanne's favourite theme)—which had already lost Eve—has begun. Every mortal has been driven out of the paradise of painting; the apple alone had an imperishable face, cheeks, and, like the serpent, a tail."

Cézanne used to tell his model: "Wretch, you are

spoilng the pose. I tell you, in truth, you must sit like an apple." And at the end of a hundred and fifteen sittings: "You are beginning to know how to pose. I am not dissatisfied with the front of the shirt."

To which may be opposed the anecdote of Eugène Carrière, who told his model, whose psychological secret he was searching with the anxiety of the symbolists: "You will end by avowing it."

The exhibition is very fine. Since a great number of the best painters of the moment have each been able to contribute a good portrait, the situation cannot be quite as desperate as M. Claude Roger-Marx would have it.

Indeed, was it not necessary to go through the discipline of the apple in order to save painting from all the mannerisms?

The exhibition has been placed under the patronage of the painter Vuillard (the quasi-twin of Bonnard) and of the sculptor Despiau. It is all right as far as Despiau is concerned; he is one of the greatest sculptors of the century, the richest in genuine French virtues, and a born portraitist. But it does not appear that the Vuillard-Bonnard manner has greatly advanced "the figure."

It was against the immense, but nevertheless somewhat uncertain charm of this school that the fauvist reaction was directed, the prelude to the rigour of Cubism, which, not satisfied with the apple, submitted to its geometry the packet of tobacco, and the litre, and the mandoline.

There is a very living portrait of the singer Koubitzky by Yves Alix; a very beautiful image of a woman by Maurice Asselin, one of our most moving painters of maternities; the wife of the artist by Chagall, at the very limit of the real, at the confines of the dream; an amusing Jean Cocteau by himself; by Coubine, a firm and living portrait of the poet Vincent Muselli, a young classic master who recently sang to the lyre of Malherbe the policy of M. Joseph Caillaux! an admirable pastel by the powerful André Derain; a spiritual Francis Carco by Dignimont, the novelist of bad boys by the painter of girls that are too good; "Mme. F. F." by Kisling, a portrait of rare plastic quality; portraits by Per Krogh, Marie Laurencin, Léopold Lévy, Lhote, Fascin; the "Jeune Philosophe," a title borrowed from Cézanne, by Picasso; a "Vlaminck" by



ALGIERS
By Mondzain

Letter from Paris

Vlaminck, more veracious than the mirror: these are the masterpieces of the exhibition.

I leave those who are interested in the relations of one art to another, as well as those of generation to generation, to meditate on the trouble that M. Jean Girardoux—an ironical novelist, full of glory, founded on the feelings that the critics entertain for his absolute novelty—took to pose for M. Vuillard, his senior by more than twenty-five years, and the friend of the dry jokers of the *Revue Blanche*, during the last days of the nineteenth century.

Mondzain is showing recent paintings at the Galerie Jacques Callot. The sign of this house is in no way attractive. It is not dedicated to truculent beggary. The sign is merely an address. Mondzain has for a long time been preoccupied with construction. He has certainly not been losing time in these researches. His style has formed itself. Today he seems to abandon himself entirely to the pleasure of painting, without any excess of intellectualism.

If questioned, he would reply that henceforth he is primarily concerned with quality. He is perfectly right.

No doubt it is excellent to ponder over some doctrine—it may be wholesome to torture oneself about it, but empty-handed and in repose. In front of a canvas is it not a matter of simply painting to the best of one's ability? If the doctrine is valid its essence will spring forth.

I do not know if it is Algeria that brought Mondzain into this profitable state. Certainly he has returned to us from his last African sojourn singularly developed, so that he fills his two seniors, who had inclined towards his debut, with joy—Emile Othon Friesz, who had praised him directly after the war for posing so admirably all the problems of painting, and the great André Derain, always quick in distinguishing the traits of passion.

The miracle is that Mondzain's painting, so full of the great plastic torments of the hour, in spite of his new abandonment, has the power of seducing directly. Mondzain delights us without having become dangerously amicable.

The "Jeune Fille à la Mandoline," acquired by the Algiers Museum, the "Vue sur le Pont d'Algiers," the "Maison Maïheddine" are accomplished works which, thank God, do not proceed at all from that tiresome Orientalism. Mondzain has also painted many pictures of the flowers that can be found at the street corners, arranged in trembling bouquets—a great innovation in his work.

At Druet's, Zadkine shows "Gouaches and Drawings." The position occupied by Zadkine among contemporary sculptors is considerable. Not only has he carved pathetic

figures in wood with the mystic Slav fury which has brought his native forests as far as Paris, but he has also modelled in marble and bronze some nudes of a type that is most representative of the modern monumental quality, freed alike from the decorative and from indirect emotion, that is to say, that which is not *à priori* plastic.

There are many people who are inclined to see nothing but "a sculptor's drawings" in an exhibition like the present one. I should imagine that Zadkine would soon disillusion them. Reminding us of previous exhibitions, but richer, the one that closed the other day finally placed the painter who, in the person of Zadkine, gets on very well with the sculptor. His drawings, his gouaches, exist independently. They are more than mere indications of values, put down with a view to monumental interpretation, so often problematic with those who proceed in this way.

Still, I would say that some of the gouaches have something of the wood-carver's mystic frenzy. And it is suggested by such simple means!

At the Quatre-Chemins we have had by turns the pleasure of a collective exhibition of Raoul Dufy (who has been prodigal this year); Francis Laglenne, a son of the Cubists, though a grand-nephew of Fantin Latour; Jean Lurçat (the youngest brother of the Cubists), tried by a recent experience in the East; Marcoussis, a Cubist of the first hour, who was made a colourist by the rigours of form; and the exhibition of Carlos Merida from South America,

who brings an art almost new to us. I say almost, because, though it is evidently inherited from the primitive Indians, he moves us fairly often by realizations, due to freshness of sentiment, which are nothing else than the plastic drama so fatal to the too cultivated, great Gauguin. Finally, there was an exhibition of a series of drawings, "Visions de Souffrance et de la Mort de Jésus Fils de Dieu," by the ineffable Max Jacob, of whom I have already spoken to you at length.

Jacques Darnetal, the poet and novelist, has remembered that he, too, was called Bernheim, and has opened a shop close by the paternal gallery. The young are anxiously soliciting this young man, who has offered us as a starting-point an exhibition of drawings made for the publishers, Delpenck. The lamented Gustave Coquiott—who discovered so many new stars and who was such a sure guide, only once making a mistake, when he had the commission for a theatre poster given to Picasso, who never executed it (this was in 1905)—presided at the formation of this collection. He inaugurated it with his "Terre frottée d'ail," to which Dufy, as I have told you already, showed his illustrations elsewhere. But he is



LES PAYSANS

By Pierre Dubreuil

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

lavish. Here is G. Rueillard's "Grasse Normandie," by Vlamincq, penetrating the French peasantry to the very tufa; P. Bonardi's "Les Rois du Maquis" (Corsican bandits), by a young man on a good track, H. Epstein; "La Suite Provinciale," by Coquiot, again offering a pretext for Chagall's phantasmagoria; and the composition, keen with truth, by that rare engraver, J. Laboureur, for "La Saison au Bois de Boulogne," a masterpiece by the neglected Maurice Beaubourg, who ought to be popular.

In the Rue Laffitte there is a little gallery that is not a shop. The elegant young lady who presides over its destinies, Naudette Monthin, has had the curious idea of sticking yellow posters on the two windows of a narrow *rez-de-chaussée*. It might thus be taken for the office of a notary. It is one of the most Parisian of our galleries.

Two singular banterers were recently on view there, Lucien Boucher and Touchagues. It was the novelist, Pierre Mac Orlan, the most whimsical of the realists, who first launched Lucien Boucher by writing the preface to his album, "Boutiques Littéraires." Mac Orlan had just introduced the German, Georges Grosz. Boucher's cruelty is not inferior to that of Grosz, though it is less on the surface. As for Touchagues, he "arrived" by himself by roads no less literary. His "Jeu de l'Oie des Lettres et des Arts" had a great vogue. Touchagues comes from Lyons; that is saying a great deal. The humour of that city of fogs is incomparable. It is the humour of those silk weavers, the passionate spectators of a theatre of guignols in which Mephistopheles becomes in a parody of Faust: *Mefie-toi-Felix*—a whole programme.

Boucher and Touchagues, who do not resemble each other at all, seem to have come to an agreement this time to extract all the fantastic possibilities out of apparently the most determined banality. It is rather horrifying, and one is astonished to find oneself so troubled at contemplating what is, after all, nothing but "Les Pompiers de Service au Théâtre de Belleville" or "Une Place de Paris," without a single passer-by, chosen in a disinherited quarter, entirely unknown even to the most determined Parisians. Sometimes Touchagues allows himself the pleasure of direct satire, and then we get the very truthful "Terrace du Dôme," the famous artists' café at Montparnasse. It is a recreation, because here Touchagues is only ferocious in principle.

I should certainly not have stopped to speak of these two fantasists if they did not both possess a virtue rare among comic draughtsmen. Their compositions are also perfect prints. Both are good painters (the austere

art delights Touchagues), and they are, moreover, engravers possessing the classic graces of a difficult technique, to which their excesses accommodate themselves admirably.

Since I have been obliged to mention the cafés of Montparnasse, I must give a sensational piece of news that may excite those amateurs whose eyes are directed towards that great "little corner" of the world: a new café for painters has been opened within ten yards from the Dôme, the Select, and the Rotonde. A coalyard has given place to a vast white and vermillion hall enhanced by a pergola. Is it a café for painters? Painters, amateur dealers, critics, models, art lovers of all the world over—no other customers are hoped for. The decoration has been entrusted to artists of quality.

When I say decoration, beware! Formerly young artists readily exhibited in the cafés. The best have with-

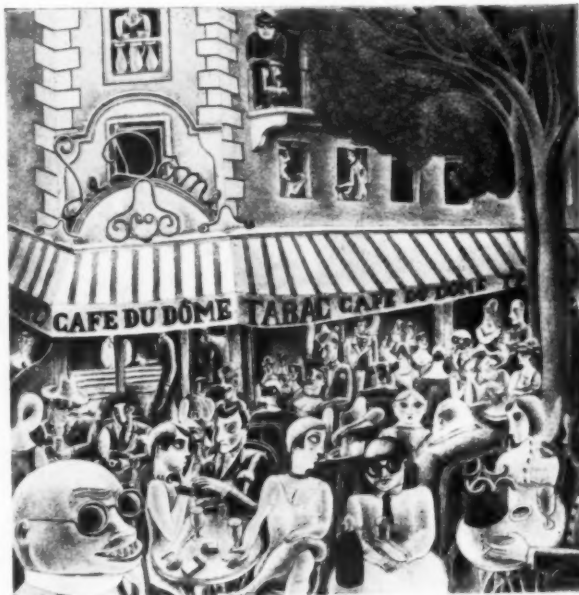
drawn. It is, of course, more dignified. This time the managers of the new exchange of æsthetic values have ordered large compositions of several heroes of modern art.

I hope it will be the occasion of a just turn of fortune for one of them, Pierre Dubreuil. I cannot account for the fact that success has not yet crowned the admirable efforts of this lucid and passionate young painter who, from the first day that he applied himself to the common work of reconstruction, tended with all his conscience towards a classic renaissance, the goal of the apparent pictorial revolution of the twentieth century. How many poor dodges by *fauves* of conviction will be more than ruined when those great, calm poems—which are—will have a place of

honour in some State gallery!

As for Fauvism, at last, no one is surprised at the delay; it is beginning to work the theatre. Naturally it doesn't do so without obstacles. The worst *pompier*s disguise themselves as bugbears. The critics dare not say anything. Anyway, if they still weary us they have ceased to grow indignant. It is possible now to produce anything. Who knows if we are not to expect some good of this? There is so much dust on our stage that any sweepers with good will, failing good faith, will be welcome.

The public being ready for anything, those who, not without talent, still persist along the path of solidly built-up drama are anxious to shock their audience as well as the agitated professionals. Thus M. Jacques Deval has produced "Ventose," the story of a barber's boy who, when the communist revolution engulfs Paris, terrifies his rich customer. In the last act the revolution is vanquished,



MONT-PARNASSE
Lithograph by Touchagues

Letter from Paris

the customer saved, and the wigmaker exported to Moscow. The stage noises, the cavalry charge, the tick-tack of the machine-guns, etc., were much applauded. It was almost as fine as at the American cinema installed in the place of Réjane's vaudeville.

"Ventose"! How the times are changed! Thirty years ago "Les Mauvais Bergers," by Octave Mirbeau, was given as a "social play." The capitalist was moved, the proletarian wrote "Thank you" to the author. In his "Journal," so distressing in its bitterness, the late Jules Renard poured out so much hypocrisy married to this sort of candour.

In 1927 the "social play" is impossible. But "Ventose" shows how it might be—and capitalists and proletarians avoid making any confidential statements.

To dissipate these emotions, which, after all, are secret, we have had the Recital of Maurice Chevalier. Yes, yes, it is not a slip of the pen. It is hardly believable, and it was absolutely good.

Maurice Chevalier triumphed in the Salle Pleyel quite as much as at the Casino de Paris. It might have been described as the Music Hall installed in the Cathedral of Music!

Maurice Chevalier, whose sportive charm has a powerful effect on the crowd, conquered this time an audience of

music lovers, from which the *midinettes*, who idolize Maurice for dearly loving his newly-espoused partner of yesterday, "Mam'zelle Vallée," were rigorously absent.

He sang, renouncing the dances borrowed from the London fantasists. He sang songs accompanied by two pianos, following the manner due to Doucet and Wiener, who were the first to attempt an alliance of the noble art with light music. But under their fingers there was no light music. The same is true of Maurice Chevalier's accompanists, MM. Jacques Fray and Bragiotti, who are henceforth famous.

In airs that were evidently jazz (the style ought to be entirely renewed) both were perfectly musical.

The evening opened with a rendering of the "Cinq Bagatelles" for small orchestra (violin, 'cello, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and trumpet), one of Georges Auric's greatest successes.

It reminded the Parisian of at least thirty of Jean Cocteau's first performances: acrobats performing evolutions under the direction of Auric, of Poulenc; the ballet, "Bœuf sur le toit," with masques by Dufy and music by the poor Satie.

In the intervals we discovered in the foyer the mysteries of the Hawaiian guitar. How time flies!

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

AGAIN an important new firm of art dealers has been founded. Dr. Gottschewski and Dr. Schäffer, who had been collectors themselves, have opened a salon in the Friedrich Ebertstrasse which is to be devoted especially to the art of the past. The combination seems to be a good one, and a subject has been selected for the first exhibition which promises to arouse the interest of all art lovers. Following the example set abroad, especially by the 1926 exhibition in the Brussels Museum, Flemish landscapes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been systematically collected and presented. It is once more an instance of cultivating a province that has been previously rather neglected by collectors, and of the art trade coming to the aid of scholarship and the museums in offering a good survey of this limited field. We know that Dutch

landscape painting of this period has received all the attention during the last decades and has, so far, had the strongest influence on living art. But little was to be heard of the Flemish landscape painters. And yet in their way they deserve attention, all the more just today because certain problems to which they devoted themselves have cropped up again in our art circles. The

Flemish landscape is neither so circumscribed nor so prosaic as the Dutch. The Dutch painter produces a ready result of Nature; the Flemish picture is full of imagination and fruitful inequality. There is a sort of northern pathos in it. The scene shown is either the home landscape—and then it appears with strong and broad movement, equally unresolved in its midst—or it is the product of an imagination nurtured on magic castles, overhanging rocks, a motley mosaic of landscape details, in



THE SERMON AT LAKE GENNESARETH

By Cornelius Massys

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dream-like hues and supersensual colour visions. Our exhibition shows the finest examples of this. The catalogue has been carefully compiled by Ludwig Burchard, the best authority on the Flemish school, and Bode has written an introduction. Of this wealth of paintings, by greater and lesser men, some of whose names are unknown to the general public, a few pieces remain specially in one's memory. D'Arthois's feeling for perspective; the deep tones of Brouwer (among whose works there is a fine farmyard with a full moon); the many interesting landscapes by the elder Jan Breughel; the winter landscape by the elder Pieter Breughel as a thing in a class by itself; a landscape by Cornelius Massys, a quite fantastic combination of the landscape round the Lake of Gennesareth; then a number of good Mompers (among them a fairy-like coloured scene with a castle), a delightful Patinir with a blue Madonna at a well, and a large Rubens as the principal piece—a genre landscape with farmers returning home; a number of Teniers, Sieberechts, and so forth. One's eyes rest unwearingly on these treasures of the past, which are already beginning to spread to the walls of collectors.

Can we be interested, after these discoveries, in the large black-and-white exhibition at the academy that has just been opened? It is always very tiring to wander through galleries of drawings and etchings, although this time watercolours have been given more space. Why are exhibitions like this not arranged in a more interesting manner, grouped by artists, techniques, generations, subjects, with a label for each room? The special exhibitions of the sixty-year-old Käthe Kollwitz, or the fifty-year-old Kubin, stand out of their own accord as examples of a realistic and a fantastic temperament. A group of etchers coming from Dresden, with Hans Spank at their head, are in a position to emphasize the pictorial element once again. Under the influence of the great ones—Kirchner, Grosz, Kerschbaumer, Pechstein—young talent is being formed; as, for instance, the Mannheim landscapist Xaver Fuhr. The Munich sculptor Koelle, who helps to animate the exhibition with a few sculptures, places his objective portraits of miners in a not uninteresting way beside the ethically imbued Kollwitz. Then there is another sculptor from Munich, Christof Voll, now at Saarbrücken, who is showing very noteworthy, naturalistic wood carvings, and powerful drawings and watercolours at Nierendorf. Why are not these young, unknown artists systematically grouped instead of distracting our senses in huge, scattered exhibitions from which we return home dazed and weary?

Let us escape into music. Here the old and the new still stand on equal terms side by side; indeed it is, if anything, the new that crowds out the traditional effect, because it plays a much more vital part in our day. It is in tremendous demand, and the impressions are manifold. The Smetana choir from Prague has made its appearance and delighted us with that old earth-born art of a choir of deeply musical voices. There is Hindemith with his viola, under Klemperer, who plays the newest viola concerto with chamber orchestra, a first performance of unrivalled success, the most modern music in the oldest form—a sharp first movement, the second full of feeling, delicate play in the third, and an old pleasure in the fourth, which is a variation of a Bavarian military march. Where are we going, and where have we been? Let us take stock. The Municipal Opera has again taken up Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande." How does this future impressionism—

which in its day filled us with admiration as a reaction of peace, delicacy, and logic against Wagner—strike us in the present formal age? Bruno Walter plays it delightfully. Lotte Schöne sings Melisande enchantingly. Ludwig Kainer has made decorations that are ornamentally inclined. Martin's production is full of the most delicate feeling for style. But the heart remains cold. We recognize the work of a clever head which out of sheer culture restrains itself in Maeterlinck's illustration, so that every dramatic passion, every outburst of music is smothered. Intellectually we are

still wrapped up in those delicate tissues of threads that connect Wagner with Paris; but the life has gone out of it for us. We know that we have developed farther. We know that just during these last twenty years we have aroused new forces and a new will in ourselves, which carries on the great line of the German symphony and would rather make a pact with the old Italian song than with the French impression.

The engineer Thelemin calls up his new ether wave-tones, first to a circle of invited guests in the small Bechstein hall, then in the larger Beethoven hall, and soon he will fill the Philharmonic. It is an invention that has greatly excited Berlin. The production of the electric tone would not in itself be surprising, but the idea of using the earth magnetism of the body, the movement of the hands, in order to obtain both the desired pitch and strength of the tone, is brilliant. To see him standing in front of his little box and first producing the cold, neutral tone in order then to give it life by the vibration of his fingers, to model it, to transform it into colourful sound, gives one a foretaste of the future music, which may regard as antiquated the



LANDSCAPE WITH A CASTLE

By Joos de Momper

Letter from Berlin

creation of sound by means of our difficult instruments, and will know of nothing but this direct attraction of sound out of the air with our own nervous fingers. A good deal of time must elapse before this method will be generally adopted and specialized. At present it may perhaps replace a wind or string instrument, but it cannot yet produce our finest instrument—the human voice singing words. But it will all come in time. I already see a chamber musical gathering which produces the spherical ensemble in this way, making the homophony of the new tone more practicable by its own polyphony. The public is astonished and startled by the magical *pianissimo* and *fortissimo* of this electric music, and the violin and wind instrument players are already trembling at the competition. It is not unlikely that we are at the beginning of a revolution in the rendering of sound.

Meanwhile the old method is quietly continuing to flourish. The new tone will be cheap; the old one was very dear when it was good. In America there is a Mæcenas, Mrs. Coolidge, who spends her wealth in a very noble manner. She distributes prizes for the best modern chamber music, allows the works to be dedicated to her, and has them performed all over the world. Unfortunately she seems to have a bad manager, as in Berlin only a few interested people knew about the concert. Yet it offered a mass of important new material. A quintet for oboe and string instruments by the Englishman Bliss was heard, a very genuine and sensitive work. The Swiss Ernest Bloch produced a viola sonata in which his peculiar, psalmodic, plaintive tone was not wanting. The triptych after Botticelli, by the Italian Respighi, was a little superficial and also studded with archaisms. Finally, Schönberg's latest quartet, Op. 30, was given for the first time here, that cool and severe work of the master of the duodene, which re-establishes for the destruction of the tonal melody the classic form of handling motifs and introducing phrases. Great artists had been assembled—the Viennese Kolisch Quartet, the great oboist Goossens, and the most famous violist of the world, Tertis.

There is a flood of orchestral concerts. The State Opera alone arranges twenty concerts, ten under Klemperer and ten under Kleiber, with rehearsals. To this must be added the Philharmonic concerts under Furtwängler, a series under Walter, the Bohnke concerts; and who knows how many things Klemperer has already started? It is the first time that he plays here with the State orchestra. The hackneyed word "sensation" may be applied to his first night. The whole town is talking about it; not exactly a frequent occurrence in the case of such a concert. Everyone is already thrilled about the way in which he will fill the Kroll Opera, which starts in November, with his keen and personal spirit. The concert had a kindling effect, such as has not been experienced for years. But it was a wonderful programme. First a suite of Bach's, grandly built up; then a pianoforte concerto by Mozart, played in the most delicate harmony by Schnabel; and, finally, a sinfonietta by Janáček as a modern popular form of the spirited, gossipy suite.

Shall I once again apply the word "sensation" to Krenek's opera "Jonny spielt auf," which has just been given at the Municipal Opera, causing tremendous excitement. The piece is being produced this season at sixty different theatres. It is a real attraction; the subject is sketchy, at times romantic, at others more like variety with elements

of the operette, the revue, jazz, shimmy, blues and tango, a negro spiritual, a railway station and car, a film; and music to all this that, in spite of its motivistic connection and refinement, has been hastily written in the jazz rhythm, unconvincing in its lyrical parts, amusing in the dances, following the good old lines in the romantic passages, a wild new orchestra, a formal style of singing, ensembles even down to the police; altogether more actuality than quality. I was present at the first performance of it in Leipzig. Brüggmann made such fantastic play with it that one's senses shook. Here the generally very able producer Martin was hampered by Varge's dull and heavy decorations. The end which had been a mad carnival in Leipzig sank into an insipid, artificially festive style. Sebastian the conductor is very eager and understanding, and gets a good note. Of the singers the men were moderate, partly wrongly cast; the women splendid, especially the full-blown voice of the rapidly developed Ljungberg as Anita, and the delightfully joyful playing of Pahl Wallerstein as Yvonne. And the public? At first it is expectant; then it claps a nigger song so violently that it had to be repeated; and, finally, it makes such a demonstrative row, together with the usual whistling, that the poet-composer with his guard appears so often that it was impossible to keep count.

Klemperer has now produced his first opera. He selected "Fidelio," chosen by so many already, in order to present himself to a new audience with this difficult and powerful work. The tension was great. All his colleagues were present. Something quite unusual was expected, and was found; the only subject for discussion afterwards being whether or not it went beyond the permissible limits. In these discussions it should never be forgotten from what point of view Klemperer undertakes his work. As the branch of the State Opera under his control is destined to become in time more and more a people's opera, he purposely renounces all claim to the great stars who alone ensure success to other opera nights. He has a cast of little-known or quite unknown artists consisting for the present partly of newly-engaged singers and partly of the personnel of the State Opera. There was no enormous achievement in singing. Florestan was sung by the young lyrical tenor, Fidesser, who had first appeared in the Municipal Opera and who is very good vocally, but lacks as yet a certain tragic foundation. Fidelio was very respectably and very carefully sung and played by Rose Pauly, formerly at Cologne, but she produced no very strong personal impression on a large scale. The others need hardly be mentioned. The best singing was actually that of the old operatic choruses. But it is astonishing what Klemperer has made out of this material. It reminded me of the times of Gustav Mahler, who also was less interested in the fine technique of singing than in the general artistic intelligence with which a singer takes his place in the rigid discipline of a performance. Klemperer has not only carried this discipline to an extreme in the elementary spirit of Beethoven, but it is a necessary consequence of the strict order with which Klemperer unites the orchestra and the stage. It is quite natural that he should be his own producer. He connects the position and movement on the stage so closely with the music that he is able to formulate in their own way the various styles out of which "Fidelio" is composed. He limits the dialogue to the absolutely indispensable. He supports the duet by a sharply illustrative mimicry, the airs by

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monumental attitudes; he leaves the standing ensembles as the quartet and the first finals in oratorio-like repose, but he models the dramatic ensembles such as the chorus of prisoners with the song of freedom, or the final chorus with the praise of woman, with remarkable animation. After all, the drama is his chief interest. And he brings this out with such fire and *tempo*, especially in the second act, that a similar climax has perhaps never before been attained. The development from the prison scene to the scene with the minister is a hot intoxication. And that is the reason that he does not play the third Leonora overture, which has from time immemorial been inserted at this point.

Its introduction dates from a period when the opera was still treated essentially symphonically. Klemperer sees it as a pure drama complete in itself, and renounces the symphonic piece which breaks through the framework. He bases his interpretation entirely on dramatic music. He brings it out in an artistic unity which is the proof of his personality. As a background he has ordered Dülberg to make decorations of surfaces and walls of the simplest cubist forms, and he has approximated the costumes to the period of Beethoven which again reduces the monumentality of the scenes to the actuality of this drama. His success is triumphant.

BOOK REVIEWS

BAROQUE AND PICTURESQUE

GERMAN BAROQUE ART, by SACHEVERELL SITWELL.
(Duckworth.) 25s. net.

THE PICTURESQUE, by CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY. (Putnam.)
25s. net.

It is by quite a different method of presentation than that of his former book on Baroque that Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has set before us the feast of enjoyment which his latest work, "German Baroque Art," brings. In his former essay on the Southern phase of that great movement, Mr. Sitwell gave us, if one may put it in such a way, the rich scent of the flower with all its complexities, emotions and suggestions; here he endeavours to draw for us the dissection of the plant itself with all its variant details. And if, in the execution of that idea, we have lost those passages of imagination which by their descriptive power brought the phantasy of the subject so vividly before us, we have by the gravity of diction and leavening of fact gained a weight which is equally representative of the humanistic side. The theme is a new one for an English writer, though to many of us the host of German books on the subject are familiar; to the general public this will come as the opening of a door to a room, the decoration of which cannot but fail to please.

The book opens with a description of a picture by Cranach, which is in Mr. Sitwell's most felicitous mood. We step through the glass into the world of the painter and with it get a glimpse into the mental attitude of that over-detailed age which was about to prune away its rioting tendrils and put forth the clean sprigs of the Baroque. From this point it is a short step on to architecture and the bewilderingly lovely series of places which we are led through. Nymphenburg, the Belvedere at Vienna, Melk, Kloster Ebrach, Kremsmünster are a few of the many famous names. It is right, too, to stress the point that German architects of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries maintained a higher level than their French or Italian contemporaries, and that consequently in the great palace at Würzburg—one of the loveliest architectural compositions in Europe—Neumann provided a setting for Tiepolo's frescoes which was nearer the temperament of that great genius than anything which he was called upon to work for in Italy. From time to time we are permitted a glimpse at some of the side streams from the fountain-head—Permoser's ivory carvings, Cuvillier's plaster work Byss's Italian comedy tapestries (almost the only successful German essays in that medium), the art of the theatre with special reference to Lambranzi's dancing,

or the porcelain groups of Meissen. Here it was, perhaps, a pity to group the great name of Kändler with Marcolini, under whose aegis in the latter part of the century so much inferior work was produced; but Mr. Sitwell is so disarmingly frank about his ignorance of this branch that one can only suggest that in the next edition, into which it is hoped the book will run, the great name of Franz Bostelli of Nymphenburg might be substituted.

There are two points which I would like to call attention to. The first is the lack of any index or page-reference on the plates; one or other would be welcome. The second is that I cannot follow Mr. Sitwell in his theory that the embroidered palls at Succavitz in the Bukovina provide a Western *point d'appui* for a kind of local baroque. The embroideries in that enchanting frescoed monastery and at the sister church about fifteen miles away at Pontua—if you will trundle all afternoon in a hot little train and sleep at a "kosher" hotel—are for the most part dated examples of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century work and belong to the well-known type called Greek Byzantine. The fact that the personages represented wear elaborate brocade dresses, which have a certain extravagant touch about them, is accounted for by the fact that persons of rank such as Marie de Maugop, a Byzantine princess, probably bought their stuffs at Broussa. I think it is the designs of these stuffs that have misled Mr. Sitwell. Apart from this the book leaves nothing to be desired. It is brief, informative, exquisitely written, and admirably illustrated. Having in Southern Baroque art whetted our appetites with a provoking and highly coloured drop-curtain, Mr. Sitwell has now rung up on the first act of what promises to be a full-length play of achievement. When he has set acts ii and iii in Naples and Mexico, I hope as an epilogue he will give us a facsimile edition of that rarest of books, Bracelli's "Diversi Figure," for which his particular talent would provide the most perfect of introductions. An interesting point is called up by Mr. Sitwell's suggestion—for he has been unable to support it by evidence—that Balthasar Permoser and his brother came to England. Is it possible that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who collected his work, brought over some ivories to England? At all events, they were copied by the Bow porcelain modellers.

Mr. Hussey's book, "The Picturesque," is also devoted to a comparatively new subject. In this case the author gives us a full-breadth landscape painted with great verve and charm, and set off by a fine picturesque binding; but I should have preferred it on a

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smaller scale, because, in his enthusiasm to illumine every corner which might have a bearing on his theme, Mr. Hussey has let in a flood of light which has, to use a photographic term, fogged the plate. He has, I think, intended to give us an essay on the picturesque in every aspect of the term, but there I think he has made a mistake.

one, and as such its greatest outlet was in landscape gardening, where the ousting of "Capability" Brown by Repton and his successors forms the theme of one of the best chapters in the book. As a matter of fact, all the chapters are stimulating—for Mr. Hussey's ideas are often brilliant and always admirably presented—but his



KLOSTER EBRACH. WROUGHT IRON GATE
(From "German Baroque Art," by Sacheverell Sitwell)

The term, if used denominatively, is a very narrow one. It embraces an elegant caprice, a mode of vision, rather than a school of thought, and as such was a close concomitant of the Gothic revival between about 1780 and 1820. Of course, there were outcrops and separate instances at either end. The majority of Gilpin's works were published before 1780; but that is the true heart of the period, when Uvedale Price and Payne Knight were its great protagonists. Its main ideal was an artificial

enthusiasm has led him into some curious statements which I think he would have difficulty in defending. To say that Blenheim is "picturesque," and that Vanbrugh was a "picturesque" architect, seems to me a wilful misrepresentation of the uninformed. I cannot agree that Gainsborough, most Nature-loving of all painters, was "picturesque" or that Thompson was a "picturesque" poet. And when I am told that Constable was a "picturesque" artist, I am very annoyed. However, here

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Mr. Hussey has defeated himself; for he quotes with admiration, in support of his statement, Mr. Clive Bell's aphorism that "whereas his predecessors moulded Nature to their pictures, Constable moulded his pictures to Nature," while a few pages before Mrs. Radclyffe's "picturesque" heroine has looked out of the window to see what elements she could collect into a landscape. The truth is that Mr. Hussey has taken Uvedale Price and Payne Knight's artificially conceived theories—it is a pity that Payne Knight, whose lack of connoisseurship over the Elgin marbles has made his name opprobrious, should be one of the ablest of the picturesque exponents—and invested them with his own generous breadth of idea. Everyone will enjoy the book; but it would carry more weight if it was entitled "Some Aspects of Taste" or some similar phrase, for you cannot extend a small and elegantly-conceived courtyard without spoiling its proportions.

LEIGH ASHTON

CARLO CRIVELLI UND SEINE SCHULE, by FRANZ DREY. (Munich: Verlag F. Bruckmann, A.G.) 24 Marks.

It is now twenty-seven years since Mr. G. McNeil Rushforth published his monograph on Carlo Crivelli, the first to be written, and a very lucid and painstaking survey of the artist's career and development. The time was, however, decidedly ripe for a fresh monographical treatment of Crivelli, and this want has been most admirably supplied by Dr. Drey's book. The material concerning, not only Crivelli himself, but also his school and following, has been brought together with the utmost care and completeness; the rise of Crivelli's art, its evolution (which, slight as it may seem at first glance, is, nevertheless, on closer scrutiny, a very real and interesting one), its influence—all these points receive at Dr. Drey's hands the fullest attention and consideration. A great deal of trouble has been taken over the illustrations, which include a number of examples which have never before been made public, while details on a larger scale enable a closer study of the artist's intentions in several cases. To all serious students of Venetian painting, Dr. Drey's scholarly and attractively produced volume will henceforth be indispensable.

TANCRED BORENIUS

THE APPROACH TO ART, by THOMAS BODKIN. (G. Bell and Sons.) 7s. 6d. net.

The "educated layman" is a most difficult person to write for on questions of art; for, on the one hand, he rightly resents anything in the nature of condescension, and on the other he is often surprisingly deficient even in the rudiments of aesthetics and art history. Mr. Bodkin has acquitted himself very creditably of the onerous task he has chosen. To an extensive knowledge of the different periods of art he adds an absolute freedom from prejudices and party shibboleths; and he shows the fullest tolerance of the various methods of approach to art, which he describes in a style which is both vivid and concise. The illustrations are excellently chosen so as to bring out the cardinal points of his exposition. We warmly wish this admirable volume the success it deserves.

T. B.

THE ART OF PEN DRAWING, by G. MONTAGUE ELLWOOD. (B. T. Batsford.) 12s. net.

As stated by the artist in his foreword, the aim of this book is "in the first place, to give as practical an account as is possible in cold print of the technique of drawing in pen and ink," and "to give advice as to how the medium may best be applied to industrial work in illustration and

advertising." Mr. Ellwood, as a practising artist in the medium, knows his job with all its ramifications thoroughly, and beginners in design for industrial and commercial purposes will turn to these pages, amply illustrated as they are, for sound information and instruction. His second aim, viz. "to provide in the illustrations a fairly comprehensive survey of the best contemporary penwork, with examples of the greatest masters of all periods, briefly commented upon in the text," is not so happily realized. It may, in fact, be doubted whether these two aims can properly be pursued concurrently. Pen-and-ink drawing for industrial work is primarily drawing for reproduction and for a living; at least it may be assumed that few, if any, artists do commercial work for the fun of the thing. This drawing for the fun of the thing, or at all events for the satisfaction of their own selves, is precisely what the greatest masters of all periods did. The standard of measure is in the two cases totally different. On this point the author is himself not very clear. When he maintains, for example, that "'Punch' has for years set a high standard of drawing and style in humorous drawing," he shows that he has no appreciation of humour in draughtsmanship at all. "Punch's" style is as solemn as a probate valuer's. Again, when he calls Rembrandt a red-hot revolutionist in art and thinks that he was "mainly concerned with problems of light," he ignores the fact that Rembrandt came distinctly as the culmination of a "light school," and that, far from being mainly concerned with it, he only used it for the purposes of expressing things that had moved him in life. So also it would probably be truer to say that his etchings were made with a view to perpetuating or multiplying an idea first laid down in pen and ink, than to say that the drawings were a preliminary to his etchings. The facts are the same, but the motive is different. However, it is perhaps hypercritical to find fault with the manner in which an author has realized a second aim when the principal purpose of his book is so admirably fulfilled as is here the case.

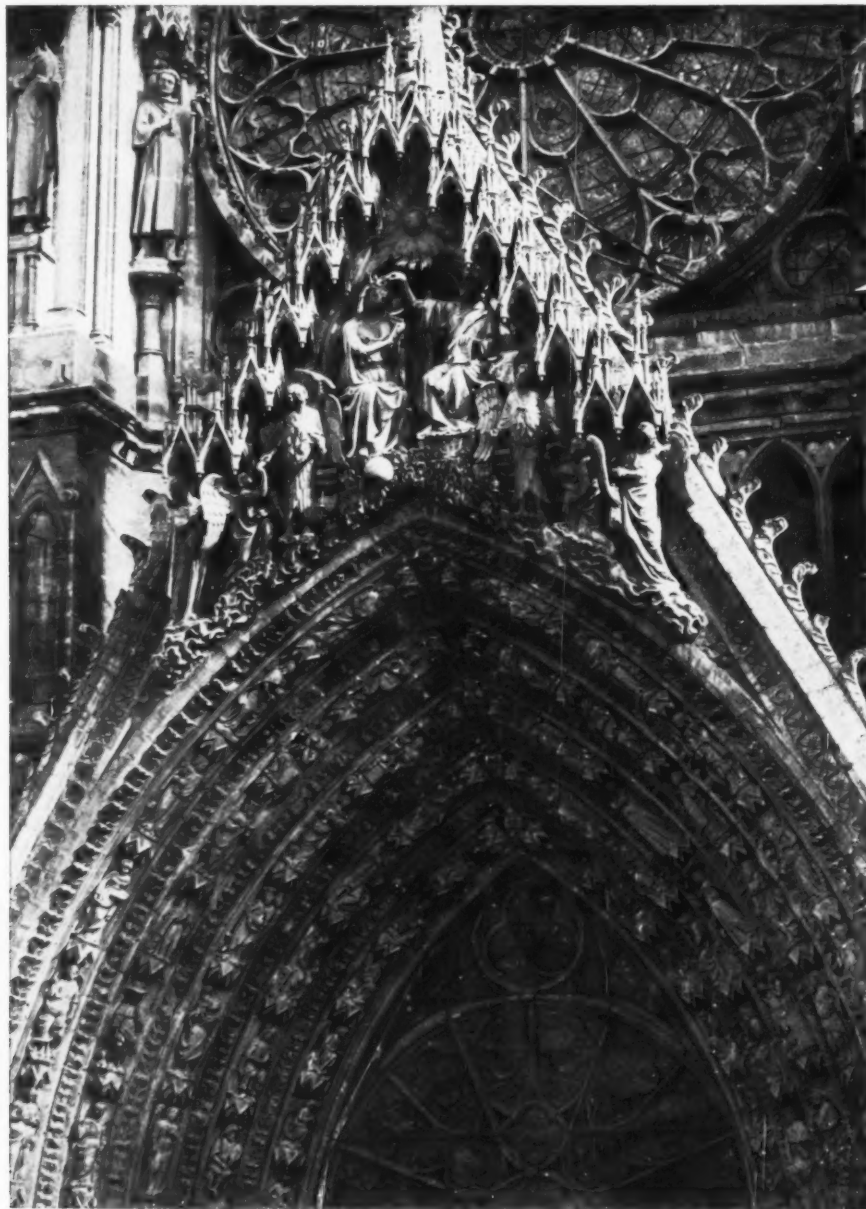
FORM IN GOTHIC, by WILHELM WORRINGER. Translated by HERBERT READ. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Herbert Read is to be warmly thanked for supplying the English public interested in aesthetics and art history with this excellent translation of one of the most interesting treatises on a subject connected with both the aforesaid branches of study. The response which Dr. Worringer's book has called forth in Germany may be gauged from the fact that no fewer than twelve editions had appeared by 1919, and we have little doubt that in its present guise the volume will find numerous new friends. It is constructed with great consistency of logic, yet easy to follow and to read; it deals with a continuous series of abstractions, yet never becomes obscure or lifeless. As to the thesis which the volume mainly expounds—that the elements of Gothic art were present long before what we call Gothic art existed, and that they survive very tangibly in German Baroque art—it is, at bottom, not an entirely original one; but through Dr. Worringer's argument it certainly gains a new vividness and persuasiveness. Unlike Dr. Wölfflin, Dr. Worringer is not inclined to associate his deductions with individual works of art; but the book is admirably illustrated with a series of typical examples which provide a reinforcement for the author's exposition as he goes along. The most unstinted praise should be given to the translation, which must, indeed, have presented difficulties of no mean order. We wonder, however, whether the

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expression "Theory of Art" quite accurately reproduces the meaning of *Kunstwissenschaft*—to us it really savours more of a blending of the concepts of "Art History" and "Connoisseurship."

has been made, as far as I am aware, at a complete publication of the woodcuts, though the amount of research devoted to them in detail has been enormous. The present portfolio, containing as it does over 200 sheets



MAIN DOORWAY, RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

(From "*Form in Gothic*," by W. Worringer)

THE COMPLETE WOODCUTS OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.
 Edited by DR. WILLI KURTH, with an Introduction by
 CAMPBELL DODGSON, M.A., C.B.E. (Published by W. and
 G. Foyle, Ltd.) £7 10s.

Since 1904, when the admirable volume of Dürer appeared in the *Klassiker der Kunst* series, no attempt

with about 350 separate woodcuts, includes a great amount of material not appearing in the above-mentioned volume. The format (19½ × 13½ in.) allows of the great majority of the woodcuts being reproduced full size. Where this was not possible, portions in the original size as well as the whole on a reduced scale are generally given. The

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reproductions, in etched line block, are extraordinarily good and extremely accurate. In some instances the impression used for reproduction has been one too heavily inked, so that some of the lines appear blurred (Nos. 196 and 200 are examples). The difficulties of reproducing woodcuts are, from one point of view, harder to surmount than in the case of line engravings. In the latter the paper is necessarily toned by the application over its whole surface of the plate, so that the actual quality of the paper does not count for so much as in a woodcut where the paper is untouched except by the salient portions of the block which are printed. The method chosen for these reproductions, approximating as it does to the original method, is certainly preferable to any half-tone or colotype where, though the relations between the paper and the lines may be more accurately rendered, these last are apt to lose their characteristic precision.

The work includes not, indeed, everything that has ever been attributed to Dürer, but certainly a very large number of woodcuts about which opinions are still divided. It errs, if this is a fault, on the side of inclusiveness. Much of the early book illustrations attributed to Dürer in recent years is of the greatest rarity, and though reproductions of most are to be found scattered in German art periodicals, its inclusion here in a compendious form is most welcome.

The text is in the form of a succinct catalogue of the plates with the fullest references to the published opinions on each. There are short summaries at the beginning of each period, into which the woodcuts are divided, of the literature on the period, the pros and cons for the attribution of the particular group to Dürer, when this is in doubt, and the author's own opinion. The whole forms a thorough and scholarly guide through the mazes of Dürer literature in relation to the woodcuts. The translation by Miss Sylvia M. Walsh is always intelligible though not always English.

The first two divisions, "The Years of Apprenticeship at Nuremberg, 1486-1490," and "The Years of Travel, 1490-1494" (Nos. 1-86), include the majority of the woodcut illustrations which have recently been attributed to Dürer, but about a great many of which unanimity of opinion has not been, nor possibly ever will be, reached. The attribution of the first group in particular is little more than an intelligent shot backwards into the dark. That a group of illustrations appearing in Nuremberg about 1488 show a new style "unexpected and perceptibly differing from the prevailing tradition, grafting Schongauer's delicate feeling for line on the harder and coarser stock of Wohlgemuth" (I quote Dr. Kurth), resembling that of the Ulm Master of the Lirar Chronicle and the Eunuch of Terence, and allied to the Basle illustrations attributed to the master of the Bergmann printing-house (who is generally, though not universally, now identified with Dürer), would be by the youthful Dürer is possible, yes, almost probable, but not yet capable of proof.

With the illustrations done for the Basle and Strassburg printers, Sebastian Brant's "Narrenschiff," the "Ritter von Turn," and the "Comedies of Terence," closely connected as they are with the accredited woodcut of "St. Jerome" (Kurth 22), we reach a stage where the coincidences pointing to Dürer are so remarkable that they involve either his authorship or the creation of an inseparable and stylistically indistinguishable companion artist (Weisbach's *Doppelgänger*). Erich Römer's elaborate study of the

uncut woodblocks with drawings for the "Comedies of Terence" at Basle in the *Jahrbuch der Preussischen Kunstsammlungen* for 1926 and 1927 have contributed further to the appreciation of the whole question since the present work was in the Press.

The period designated as "The First Italian Journey and the Years 1495-1500" at Nuremberg includes the three rare and puzzling woodcuts of the "Lamentation" (Kurth 87), the "Crucifixion" (Kurth 88, 89), and the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" (Kurth 90). (The first unique in the British Museum.) Dr. Kurth regards these as cut on the wood by Italian craftsmen from drawings by Dürer, with which opinion Mr. Dodgson in his introduction now concurs. The recent discovery by Graf Vitzthum (published in the "Berliner Museen Berichte" for 1926, p. 79) that the "Crucifixion" is largely copied from a picture by Lorenzo di Credi at Göttingen, interesting in itself, does nothing to settle the question of Dürer's authorship. His contention that the woodcut contains elements of Dürer's style at different dates, and must, therefore, be the work of an imitator, does not seem entirely convincing.

Mr. Campbell Dodgson, to whose authority constant reference is made in the text, contributes an interesting introduction in which he revises some of the opinions expressed in his catalogue of early German and Flemish woodcuts in the British Museum, published in 1903. Without subscribing to the whole of Dr. Kurth's attributions, he confesses that his attitude has changed in favour of less rigid exclusion, and he gives a list of woodcuts which he now believes to be by Dürer. The introduction forms, indeed, a valuable and authoritative commentary on the work.

The only slip I have noticed in the text is the description of the figure in the background of the "Ercules," holding a jawbone, as an old man instead of an old woman. From the correspondence list, according to Bartsch and Passavant, at the end it would appear that only three, instead of four, of the Six Knots were reproduced. Then B. 143, which is omitted in the list, is Kurth 204, and B. 144 is Kurth 205, not 204 as stated. The mistake is also repeated in the description in the text.

The publication will certainly remain the standard collection of Dürer's woodcuts for many years to come, and will be a valued, if bulky, possession of all admirers of Dürer's genius.

A. E. POPHAM.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- IRON AND BRASS IMPLEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE. By J. SEYMOUR LINDSAY. Medici Society. 25s. net.
- ENGLISH MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE SINCE THE RENAISSANCE. By KATHERINE A. ESDAILE. S.P.C.K. 10s. 6d. net.
- DALE FOLK. By DOROTHY W. RATCLIFFE. John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.
- DRAWING FOR ART STUDENTS AND ILLUSTRATORS. By ALAN W. SEABY. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.
- THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS. By FRED J. GLASS. University of London Press. 12s. net.
- THE BOOK OF THE CLYDE. By DONALD MAXWELL. John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.
- ENGLISH CHURCH WOODWORK. By HOWARD AND CROSSLEY. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.
- UNKNOWN SOMERSET. By DONALD MAXWELL. John Lane. 15s. net.

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PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN,
POSSIBLY HOLBEIN'S WIFE

By Hans Holbein

*Royal Picture Gallery,
Martinsburg, The Hague*

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

The Berlin Orchestra. The event of the month was, of course, the visit of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and, "Wasn't it too wonderful?" the reaction on their audiences, to which the daily and weekly Press also submitted. Personally I only heard the Berliners at the Albert Hall, and so may have no right to give an opinion. But I do not think that the acoustics made any difference in this case. For the first symphony of Beethoven's gave one an impression of clear-cut accuracy and crystalline lucidity which I have never received before in the same degree from this very important work. Our own orchestras miss its underlying strength, and suggest that grace, rather than resilience, is its native quality. On the other hand, Herr Wilhelm Furtwängler, to my ears, entirely failed to bring out the passionate splendours that trail across the score of Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony. Tchaikowsky is a composer with a dual personality. If you regard him simply as a child of the European traditions of music, whose parentage can be traced through Liszt to Mozart, you neglect the vital Slav element by which his work really lives. Tchaikowsky is two things, a civilized man and a Russian, and the problem with those who have to interpret him is to do justice to both aspects of his personality. Herr Furtwängler made him a romantic German, with the result that the flames which ought to warm this symphony glowed with the depressing regularity of a gas stove. In a word, it was dull, and half-way through the last movement, being near a door, I slipped away. I have heard a performance infinitely better worth listening to, because nearer the truth, by the Albert Hall Orchestra, under Sir Landon Ronald. After all, technique is not everything, either in an orchestra or a virtuoso. Indeed, the older one gets the more evident it becomes that technique is just as liable to obscure the intentions, the ideals, of the composer as it is to reveal them.

This is not to deny that London ought to have an orchestra organized on lines similar to those of the Berlin Philharmonic or of any of the great American symphony orchestras. Of course, it should; and such an orchestra ought to contain the pick of our instrumentalists. Now that music is rapidly falling into the control of the State through the B.B.C., one cannot see any reason why an orchestra of this kind should not already be in existence. Its first conductor should be Sir Thomas Beecham; its second, Frank Bridge. With the combination of the Nordic and the Celtic strains that runs through our national character and makes us at once the most poetical and the most practical of peoples, an organization of this kind would rapidly reduce Mr. Ernest Newman to a rapture in which his pen would remain ecstatically silent. It may be, to prevent this, that an all-wise Providence has ordained we should continue to rub along with orchestras that are hard put to it to make both ends meet.

I should here mention the London Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Queen's Hall which followed the week after the Berliners' visit. It was rather a special occasion, as they were on their mettle to show that London could at least do something in the orchestral line. Owing to Sir Thomas Beecham's incapacitation from his accident, Mr. John Barbirolli, who was born and bred in this

country, though his father's provenance is clear, took his place. The result was an interpretation of Haydn's "London" Symphony at once highly finished and very vigorous. If you want to, you can explain all art as the process of bringing antinomies into correlation. Politics is the art of compromise between men and men, music that between the desire to dance and sing and the desire to feel at one with the Absolute. Haydn, by giving rein to the former, manages to make us also achieve the other, and I thought that the L.S.O.'s performance one of the most religious experiences which I have undergone for some time. The Elgar E Flat Symphony, also in the programme, was less successful, because Sir Edward Elgar is too anxious to emphasize that we are made in God's image. As St. Theresa observed (she was a poor musician but a great mystic), such supernatural states we cannot acquire by our own efforts.

So, although Barbirolli and the orchestra did their best, the emotion seemed strained and unreal.

New Music.—Of new music we have had a great deal. The biggest work was Sibelius's Seventh Symphony, given at the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, whose programmes this year have been above the average, both in selection and performance. This Finnish composer's name has long been known to the musical public through his "Valse Triste," an indiscretion on a par with Elgar's "Salut d'Amour." But of his real quality we know in England less than that of any other contemporary composer of European reputation. (It is high time that APOLLO remedied this neglect, and between us I am surprised that the Editor should not have done so before.) He is not easy to listen to as an acquaintance, because both his grammar and his syntax are unusual. One must get accustomed to his use of scales and to his processes of construction before one can appreciate the musical thought these embody. He is, on the one hand, a thorough nationalist—as Finnish, I am told, as De Falla is Spanish, or Vaughan Williams English—and on the other, he is a good European. This seventh symphony is comparatively short and less austere than the fourth, which is best known to us here. But it is, at a first hearing, extraordinarily cold and detached. Detached in rather a different sense, too, is "The Leper's Flute," which was performed for the first time in London by the B.N.O.C. at Golders Green. Mr. Bryson is a cultivated musician with a good deal of melodic invention, and with sound craftsmanship to give his tunes space wherein to display themselves. Only he does not envisage his problems dramatically. The consequence is that we never say "What a vulgar fellow!" as we sometimes do with Verdi, Puccini, and Wagner; on the other hand, Mr. Bryson never takes us by the scruff of the neck and sets us in a pother of raw emotion, and that is what grand opera must do if it is the real thing. To my mind "Carmen" fails in this. The libretto is admirable, and I am not going to say that the opera as it stands does not make a jolly evening's entertainment. But I always come away feeling a little disappointed. Bizet is too much of a scholar and a gentleman to bring out the splendid crudity of its melodrama. I saw Olczewska at Covent Garden last summer in the title-rôle, whom I had always up to that moment thought

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to be on the stage what is called a woman of temperament, in other words, the female counterpart of the "sheikh" man—and she might have just stepped out of a Sunday school. Alas! I never was privileged to see Calvé in the part, nor Zélie de Lussan. But an opera so dependent on the personal qualities of the *prima donna* must be structurally weak. Musically it is, of course, charming. What could be more delicate than the preludes to the second and third acts? They are perfect little orchestral *intermezzi* that shimmer with quiet colour. Unfortunately, they do nothing to acclimatize us to the garishness of the story. I happen to mention "Carmen" because I saw a performance of it also by the B.N.O.C., with a Manchester girl as Carmen, who was making her first appearance on the professional operatic stage! And very creditably did Miss Elsie Boardman acquit herself. The fact is that it takes a very peculiar kind of talent to write opera, a quality which is not possessed by any contemporary English composer with the exception of Rutland Boughton. So I do not believe that "The Leper's Flute" is destined to live any more than "The Perfect Fool," "At the Boar's Head," or "Hugh the Drover." But it would be a desperate business if every work of creative art was earmarked even for a relative immortality.

Chamber Music.—Probably none of the many new compositions in the domain of chamber music which I have heard during the past month possesses the virtue to make them impervious to time. The Kodály Quartet, played at the ZLO studio by the Hungarian Quartet, was nevertheless a work of intrinsic value, and not interesting simply as a phenomenon of the fashion of today. Kodály is one of the leaders of the new Hungarian school, and he uses the folk-music of his race in a manner that forms a piquant contrast to its exploitation by Liszt and Brahms. At the same time he remains within the classical traditions and has not found it necessary to attain individual expression by forging a new idiom, as Bartók has done. He is a Hungarian counterpart of Arnold Bax, though he does not impress one as having the same fertility of imagination. Szymanowski, who stands as the head of the contemporary Polish school, was also represented at the same concert by a quartet in C major, in which he paid doubtful homage to what was once the Ionian mode. It did nothing to increase Szymanowski's reputation, and seemed quite devoid of style. He lays out his work in the orthodox sonata form, with first and second subjects and the rest of the paraphernalia which is perfectly wearable so long as the composer is not self-conscious. Unfortunately, Szymanowski is so, with the result that one cannot be sure whether he wishes to be tonal and play upon our emotions, or whether he aims at charming us through the rigour of his counterpoint. It was, in short, a muddle, and, in trying to make the best of both worlds, caught the good in neither. Anyhow, Prokofief, who played the piano between these

two string quartets, knows what he wants. For him the world is a droll place, and its drollery can best be expressed through the keys of the piano which, as an instrument of percussion, reveals its character best when struck with vigour and velocity. Prokofief shuns your cantilena as the devil holy water. He is, in fact, a reincarnation of Scarlatti, and he must be a wonderful interpreter of that harpsichordist in the values of the concert grand. The pieces which he played made no disguise of their genealogy. He takes the same pleasure in notes for their own sake that Scarlatti took, and if we miss the elegance of the eighteenth century, that is hardly Prokofief's fault. He has a strong sense of form, and whilst his music is more concerned with rhythm than with line he is not above throwing out jolly little tunes. A happy irresponsibility, heightened by the composer's rather vacuous expression "at the piano," is the residuary impression left by his playing, and music, which is too often inclined to take itself over seriously, is the richer for it.

Another Russian pianist-composer who takes himself very seriously is Tcherepnine. He gave a recital of his own compositions not long since at the Æolian Hall. Those who believe that all Russians are favoured children of the Muses should be sure to go and listen to this young man at the first opportunity. Like Prokofief, he regards the piano as made to be struck, and there can be few, if any, pianists who can put down more notes within the same time as he is able to do. He has an enormous reach, long fingers, wrists that act with the strength of steel springs and the rapidity of an electric needle—and he writes up to this technique. Unfortunately, with this amazing facility for pianistic utterance, he has nothing particular to say, so that the result is a procession of sonorous rhetoric. I listened to him for an hour and failed to detect any glow, any warmth from the inner fires which had heaped up these mountainous masses of notes. Alexandre Tcherepnine, notwithstanding, is a composer with something of a European reputation. The only work I have heard of his before is his Piano Concerto, of which the most remarkable feature is that in one passage it takes him five staves to set down the piano part; so that I went with an open mind. It will require much to induce me to include him amongst the composers who are likely candidates for the bays that fade not.

Lastly, I must mention briefly a really delightful concert given by the Anglo-Spanish Music Society, which all readers of APOLLO who live in London ought to join. (The hon. secretary is Miss D. M. Bratt, 63 Warwick Road, S.W.5.) At this a Spanish singer, Señorita Alicia Felici, sang a number of Spanish folk-songs which seemed to me most discreetly arranged by Joaquín Nin, who also acted as pianist. Their humour, their vigour, their gaiety were remarkable, and I have never heard folk-songs which had retained so much of their bucolic flavour in the concert hall.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

Mr. Alfred Hopkins's Pottery at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.

Mr. Alfred G. Hopkins's salt glaze pottery, which that fine connoisseur of the potter's craft, Mr. Ernest Marsh, introduces on this occasion with an informative account of

the "Revival of Salt Glaze Stoneware Pottery," is mainly of technical interest. It includes, for example, "the first Red Salt Glaze Porcelain ever produced" and "the first Red Salt Glaze Stoneware ever produced," the former valued at a hundred, the latter at fifty guineas. At the other

Art News and Notes

end of the commercial scale are examples of Mr. Hopkins's craftsmanship which he values at half-a-guinea each. To the lay person, of course, these differences in price do not convey an obvious inferiority or superiority. Many of Mr. Hopkins's glazes are extraordinarily attractive, such as, for example, the "lace-draped" vase (8), the large plate in blue-green crystals (17), which, however, is rather too heavy in weight, and especially the beautiful black and cream crystal bowl (24); and amongst the cheaper ones the blue-green bowl (109), the blue tiger marked (183), and many of the half-guinea pots and bowls. Mr. Hopkins, nevertheless, often leaves something to be desired as regards the shapes of his pottery, especially when he indulges in heavy additions to the body.

Mr. Charles Simpson's "Famous Yorkshire Hunts" at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.

Mr. Charles Simpson's exhibition proves that one cannot easily serve two masters, even when the choice lies between Nature and the M.F.H. Wherever the artist has been concerned with the hounds, the horses and the hunters, his fluently painted pictures have suffered a set-back. The truth is that it is extremely difficult to make an æsthetic unit out of the scattered detail interest of the hunt and the back—or foreground of Nature. Only in one instance, "At the Covertside Bog Wood (the York and Ainsty)" (58), does he seem to me here to have succeeded, mainly because of the massed grouping and the white horse which, as it were, holds the composition together. Consequently, Mr. Simpson's art—as distinct from his knowledge of the sport—is seen at its best in the paintings which have few figures or none at all. Amongst these are "Twilight on the Wolds" (2), "Early Morning on the Wolds" (20), the sunset rendering of "The Moors near Greenhow Hill" (30), the dusky "Ploughing on the Yorkshire Wolds" (42), and the "Valley of the Welland" (60). That, however, is not to say that the slick and expert handling of the hunting subjects will not satisfy his public better.

Marie Vassilieff at the Beaux Arts Gallery.

Most of the negroid work produced by Europeans of the new generation in art has seemed to me hitherto the manifest result of very considerable indigestion. Marie Vassilieff, who seems to have tasted a number of foreign dishes with more or less gusto, has, nevertheless, only succeeded in giving us something new in the aforementioned nigger convention. Her "mystic art," in spite of the good design and unusual colour harmonies of "The Grey Virgin" (22), leaves me cold. It is quite another matter with her statuettes and masks, in which the nigger æsthetic has been put to most entertaining, if somewhat bitter use. Her "Mme. Genu" (34), "Head of Exchau" (36), her "Bashful Woman" (55), "Claude Dubosc" (61), "Silver Man (Roger Faure)," and her "Jeanne Duc" (60) are, if the artist will forgive me—for I mean it in appreciative sense—*diabolically clever*.

What applies to these pieces of "sculpture" (?)—she uses, apparently, anything from fur to tinsel, from paper to wire, to gain her effects—applies even more disturbingly to her portrait dolls. One has the mad desire to possess them at all cost and to get rid of them at all cost at the same time. They set up a conflict between the appreciation of their artistic value and a fear of their associative force. These dolls are not dolls; they are alive, but with a life



MATISSE AND PICASSO

By Marie Vassilieff

that is super-vital; a life that has lost its will, but not its vitality; a life that has lost its motor, but not its motive. Here is the Trinity of Modern Art—Matisse—Picasso—Léger—looking at you, quizzing you, appealing to you, and ignoring you; here are other persons less well known, but equally disturbing, "Dianou," the Hon. Evan Morgan, Adoute, Jeweller—amazing.

"It was she who created the 'pierrot' doll," says an explanatory note. Marie Vassilieff has done more: she has recreated man in his own image.

Miss Cumbrae Stewart at the Beaux Arts Gallery.

Miss Cumbrae Stewart's pastel paintings, mostly of nude or semi-nude women and children, are done with much care and much appreciation of the quality of flesh and the subtle pearliness of skin—"In Memoriam" (44), "The Blue Bathroom" (50), "Twilight" (59), and "Le Rideau" (67)—but her general conception of painting lacks a fundamental refinement. One prefers her, therefore, as in her landscape (32) or flower (34) subjects, when she is not led into temptation.

Mr. Vernon Hill's Sculpture at the Leicester Galleries.

Like Mr. Ernest Procter, whose art was discussed in the last number of *APOLLO* and is on view in an adjoining room, Mr. Vernon Hill is an excellent decorator. There is, in point of fact, a certain affinity in style between these two artists which suggests that they ought to collaborate and complement each other: Mr. Procter to do the painting; Mr. Hill the stone, wood, and metal work. One can

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imagine a theatre, a cinema vestibule, a café or a dance hall thus decorated by these two artists with excellent results. At all events, like Mr. Procter's decorative compositions, Mr. Vernon Hill's sculpture cries, almost audibly, for application. When I say "almost audibly" I mean rather more than a figure of speech. One of his bronzes here is entitled "The Roaring Flame" (2), the reddish bronze or copper head of a man with his hair blown upwards to a point and his mouth open; it suggests forcibly the hollow roaring of a windblown fire. Another piece is called "The Windstride" (60), and represents the somewhat grotesque figure of a man taking an enormous stride, with again the suggestion of audible movement. Even in "The Chase" (59), an oddly-conceived composition of two outstretched figures, male and female, there is a suggestion of the "swish" of birds in flight. His etchings, amongst them the especially attractive "Leaping Wind" (20), "A Sleeping Wind" (25a), and the Leonardesque "Girl Decked with Leaves" (19), prove him to be an excellent line draughtsman.

Camille Pissarro's Etchings and Lithographs at the Leicester Galleries.

It is not surprising that Camille Pissarro limited his prints to a very small number of proofs, nor is it in any way remarkable that these prints were little thought of by writers on etching and "scorned by the dealers." The plain truth is, Camille Pissarro mistook the medium, as Monet did not; for Monet, as Mr. Claude Roger-Marx tells us himself in the preface to the catalogue of this exhibition, "always refused to handle the needle or the lithographic pencil." Line is an abstraction. The impressionists abhorred abstractions; they endeavoured to paint light or—perhaps, better expressed—to render the objects of vision in the terms of colours modified by light. To render this light with a point of a needle is about as rational as to sweep away the leaves of autumn from a path by means, not of a besom, but a single stick. Now, throughout this exhibition one will find Pissarro attempting to produce tone by such means. But he is uncomfortable; he does not succeed, so he tries a combination of processes: soft-ground, aquatint, with etched line or drypoint, but is never satisfied. "Of a single plate nine, ten, and up to sixteen states are known," says his commentator. Exactly; and it is the definite proof of his trouble. When he got his "atmosphere" right, then his linear rhythm went wrong; and when he got satisfaction from his "line," then it went "out of tone." See, for

example, how he wastes his line in the "Baigneuse aux Oies" (88), or how he misses the chance of linear rhythm in the "Quai de Paris, à Rouen" (95); see how the contours jump in "Les Deux Baigneuses" (76). The most successful prints are the two somewhat similar *Marchés*, the "Marché aux Légumes à Pontoise" (80) and the "Marché à la volaille à Gisors" (82), and the aquatinted "La Masure" (15). His lithographs are slightly more satisfying—"Rue St. Lazare, Paris" (41), "Marché à Pontoise" (51). Nevertheless, his prints are hardly more than technical experiments, none of which has conspicuously succeeded.

The British Artists' Exhibition at Belfast.

The founder of these British Artists' Exhibitions, Sir Joseph Duveen, is not only to be congratulated on the idea of sending exhibitions by less and lesser-known

British artists round the provinces, but also on the manner in which the idea has been materialized. There is a selection committee under the chairmanship of Sir William Orpen, and including such contrasts, not to say opposites, as Mr. Adrian Stokes, R.A., and Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. Randolph Schwabe and Mr. Augustus John, A.R.A., Mr. Reid Dick, A.R.A., and Mr. Jacob Epstein. With a committee including such names a definite, if catholic standard is guaranteed. That is one of the advantages of these exhibitions. Another is the interest aroused in art generally.

Here in Belfast, for example, Mr. Frank Rutter, Mr. Thomas Bodkin, and Mr. Hubert Wellington are to speak on such various topics as "The Appreciation of Art," "The Pictorial Art of Venice," and "What is Modern Art driving at?" The B.A.E. are thus distinctly educative in their purpose and consequences. From this point of view a notice of these exhibitions in the local Press will serve the artists' interests more than a notice elsewhere. We may, however, single out a few names for special mention, observing that the qualification "lesser-known" must not be taken too seriously. Amongst the paintings, George Bissell's "Wringing Coal," William Conner's "At the Door," Harold Harvey's "Boats—Newlyn," Elsie Rowe's "Still-life," Cecil Hay's "Mangolds," Alfred C. Henning's "The Pride of the Hedge," Mark Gertler's "Fruit," Baker Clack's "Still-life," T. H. Chiu's "A Distance in Essex," Edmund Blampied's "Haystack and Horses," Archibald McGlashan's "Still-life," Ethelbert White's "In the Garden" and "Farm under the Hill,"



CARRYING TURF, ACHILL ISLAND

By E. Lawrenson

Art News and Notes

E. Lawrenson's "Carrying Turf, Achill Island"; amongst the prints, Allen Seebly's "Trout" and Spencer Pryse's "Prize Fight"; amongst sculpture, Phyllis Clay's "Demeter," Anne Acheson's "Euphrosyne," and Christine Gregory's "Circle of Spring."

Mr. Evan Walters at the Warren Gallery.

Mr. Evan Walters's name is new to me. He is, judging from his work, a very young man with considerable talent as a painter. With the exception of paintings like "The Welsh Funeral Hymn"—in which a chapel on a hilltop is seen surrounded by a number of black-coated figures, all forming a background to four nude boys lying in the foreground—his style is not "modern," but, on the contrary, of the loose, impressionistic kind. His portrait of Mr. Lloyd George, done in this Frans Hals-ish manner, is excellent. In the portrait of "The Rt. Honble. Gerald Balfour, P.C.," the same technique is employed with less success; it is not sufficiently subtle. What makes Mr. Walters's art so eminently worth while, however, is not the technique, but the intensity of his emotion and the independence of his conception. He is visibly moved by the Welsh collier's life he sees around him, and resolves it, not in sentimental stories, but in vigorous studies from life, rendering the fine, bleached flesh-colours with all the grime of coal-dust, and never trying to "improve" upon Nature. Amongst the best things he has done or shows there are, consequently, "The Tin Whistle," "The Haulier," "The Village Belle," "The Convalescent Collier," and "The Race."



CIRCLE OF SPRING

By Christine Gregory, A.R.B.S.



"FLORA"

By A. Malinowski

The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Works.

An interesting exhibition of new work by the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Works is on view at the National Museum in Stockholm until the middle of January 1928. Amongst the principal exhibits are the stoneware of Jais Nielsen, Gerhard Henning; also the charming work of Malinowski, which we illustrate.

Paintings by Matthew Smith at the Lefèvre Galleries.

Until I had seen this one-man-show I was under the impression that Mr. Matthew Smith was an Anglo-Parisian painter who had made a reputation mainly by painting the human figure crimson. The isolated pictures one had seen rather confirmed this impression, and the red letters of the catalogue did nothing to assuage one's apprehension. The exhibition itself, however, completely altered one's views. It is quite true that Mr. Smith uses red a good deal, and in a manner one is not accustomed to. It is true also that the artist is not concerned with stating facts which the eye can see in Nature without the interpretation of art, nor does he in any way conform to what an academician

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would regard as "the finest examples of art." Nevertheless, even to a prejudiced mind the impression of the exhibition as a whole should make it clear that Mr. Matthew Smith is an artist, and a very considerable one. He is in the main a colourist, not a draughtsman, but a designer, nevertheless. As his art communicates itself to the spectator mainly by means of colour, and as we have in our language no convention of colour notation, it is impossible to convey the nature or the quality of his paintings, except to say that they are colour orchestrations, mostly on the theme "red." His "Jeune Femme" (11) is a "variation" in pinks, purples, and crimsons; his "Femme Assise" (1) is a "harmony" in brownish reds relieved by green; in "Dahlias and Pears" (21) the relieving note is blue; but all this conveys little. The dominant impression of the whole exhibition is the personality of the artist using the common world of vision as an inspiration for these "melodies in paint." Apart from those already mentioned, "Peonies and Lilies" (14), the "Reclining Figure" (15), the "Femme à la Rose" (3), and the "Roses in Blue Jug" (4) are, perhaps, the most generally pleasing. In the "Flower-piece" (16) the distortion of the table-top—which, incidentally, seems unnecessary—forcibly reminds us that we are in the presence of post-impressionist art, and in point of fact Mr. Matthew Smith's painting is another example of the liberating influence which came not so much from as through Cézanne. Here is beauty sure enough, but beauty derived from emotion, not from geometry.

Mr. Cecil Beaton's Paintings and Photographs at the Cocoling Galleries.

In some ways Mr. Cecil Beaton's exhibition was quite an important event. It stood as a symbol of what the women's papers call "society"; it reminded one of the eighteenth century and of France; it was entertaining, graceful, polished, and flippant. Mr. Beaton is, judging from his work only, not so much an infant prodigy as an artistic young man who would never forget himself so far as to take his art really seriously. People who take things seriously, in society, are bores, and Mr. Beaton is emphatically not a bore. He is full of ideas. "Indeed, one of the most terrifying incidents I have witnessed in a lifetime of adventure," says Mr. Osbert Sitwell in his appreciative preface, "was on the occasion that my sister, my brother, and myself were lying at full length on the floor waiting to be photographed, when suddenly the whole world rocked and Mr. Beaton and the ladder and Kodak were wrecked with us in an inextricable confusion." There you have a description of the modern *Götterdämmerung*, as Mr. Osbert Sitwell describes it, and as it not only happened once, but perhaps is not unlikely to happen again on a far bigger stage. There was a kind of *après nous le déluge* feeling about this innocent and pleasing little show—a portent that the deluge is not far off, and that when it comes it will be a rather risible anticlimax.

As to critical notes, one can only say that Mr. Beaton has amusing invention, a good sense of design and a pleasing sense of colour, as seen, for example, in the "Portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough" (1), the "Portrait of Mrs. —" (8), and the "Madonna Enthroned with Saints and Angels" (7). As to the photographs, Mr. Beaton has taken an advantage perfectly legitimate but nevertheless unfair; nearly all his sitters are lovely, so that one is favourably disposed towards the "art" of his

Kodak from the outset. The tricks he plays with mirrors, with changes of perspective, or with multiple heads are—well, amusing; hardly more.

Mr. Neville Lewis's Oil Paintings and Mr. Kechie Tennent's Watercolours at the Goupil Gallery.

Mr. Neville Lewis's art reminds one a little of Mr. Augustus John's. Not that it is in any way imitative of this painter, but, like Augustus John, Mr. Lewis has a temperament, and is determined to make his appeal without deference to expectations on the part of the public. He paints what he sees, but the stress is on the *he* rather than on the seeing. Although he has become less "revolutionary" than he used to be and, therefore, keeps nearer to common vision, his personal view is manifest in every picture. In virtue of this quality his painting of a "Zulu Girl in a Hut" (1), an apparently straightforward statement of facts, becomes a little gem of colour, in which the red armlet and some notes of white and blue, coming as and where they do within the space enclosed by the frame, make a perfect picture. Again, in the children's portraits, "Miss Clarissa Churchill" (18), and particularly "Master Martin Tallents" (22) and "The Orange Dress" (47), it is not the likeness so much as the arrested movement, the suggestion not of keeping still, but of wanting to move, which lifts these things above the average. By comparison with these small studies the finished "state-portrait" of Mr. Churchill is almost a failure; that of Mr. Blumenfeld a better effort; that of Mr. Edward Marsh, but for the too fixed gaze however, a success. There is, too, a delightful portrait of "Moses" (13), who appears to be a gentleman of non-existent rather than independent means. It is a wonderful study of character with all its stains.

Mr. Kechie Tennent's watercolours (with pen and ink) of Bavaria and Norfolk are more in the nature of illustrations than of pictures; and in fact the landscapes, with the quaint figure incidents of the "Nativity" (18) and "The Flight" (14), are distinctly superior to the pure landscapes, amongst which, however, there are several, such as "December" (2), "The Oglun Lakes" (3), especially "April" (24), of considerable merit.

HERBERT FURST.



THE FARM UNDER THE HILL
By Ethelbert White

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